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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Vol. 6, No. 11

June, 1927

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Passionist Missionaries

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*"God's in His Heaven,
All's Well with the World!"*

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

On this page in the May issue I stated that our Missionaries in China had decided to remain at their posts even if the worst came to the worst. It is proof positive of their apostolic zeal and courage that they remained in their missions until they were forcibly driven out.

Our latest news of them comes in the form of a press dispatch from Hankow via Shanghai:

"Fear is expressed here for the safety of nineteen Catholic Missionaries, including three women, [our Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden, Pa.] . . . who are fleeing for their lives from scattered posts throughout Western Hunan. They are all members of the Passionist Fathers' Catholic mission, with headquarters in Shenchowfu, one of the most radical sectors of the entire area . . .

"Word of the anarchistic conditions in Hunan which forced the Fathers and Sisters to flee, was received through delayed letters, and from a Chinese pastor who has just arrived from Shenchowfu. Both report the looting and confiscation of the entire mission's properties. . . .

"The Catholics are probably all fleeing toward Kweichow, seeking sanctuary in Indo-China. . . .

"There is no telegraphic communication possible. Hence word from the fleeing Fathers and Sisters is most meagre. . . .

"Both Fathers Mullins and Benson agreed that Hunan is rapidly becoming the worst spot in China. They do not believe it is any longer under the control of Hankow. The peasants are out of hands, and are proceeding to govern themselves through Farmers' Unions. . . .

"These reports from all sides tend to convince your correspondent that Hunan is a center of ferment, such as marked the early days of the Soviet revolution. . . ."


* * * * *

My dear Friends, from the very first beginning of our missionary enterprise in China, our Missionaries asked your prayers. Surely, they need your prayers now more than ever. Surely you shall not fail them.

More than once I have told you that the Passionist Order means business in China—God's business. That business will be carried on in spite of Nationalists and Reds, men and devils. *You will help?*

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Six

June, 1927

Number Eleven

Current Fact and Comment

The Vatican Not Concerned

FOR ANY one who is acquainted with the attitude of the Holy See towards politics, whether in Italy or elsewhere, it is not necessary to state that that attitude is one of absolute indifference. The Church has more weighty matters to engage her attention than party politics, and she is too big to be bothered with the political fortunes of any individual. However, since certain news-gathering agencies have gone out of their way to insinuate that the Pope has expressed himself favorably or otherwise to the candidacy of Governor Smith for the Presidency, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, has thought it well to issue this authoritative statement:

"Lest there should be any doubt in the public mind about the Holy See's absolute indifference concerning the candidacy of Governor Alfred Smith of New York or that of any other person, in the approaching Presidential election, Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, has considered it proper, even though superfluous, to emphasize the Vatican's position of aloofness from the politics of the United States.

"In a communication received by Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate in the United States, the Cardinal Secretary of State notes that some newspapers have been referring to Governor Smith as the 'candidate of the Holy See,' while others declare his candidacy is deplored by the Holy See. His Eminence deemed

it superfluous to assert that the Holy See is not interested or concerned in any way in the coming Presidential campaign, and this by reason of her principle of remaining absolutely aloof from the internal contests in the political circles of every country."

Manning Again Regrets

BISHOP MANNING, Episcopalian, is again regretting. In fact, it seems that regretting has become a habit with him. Recently he regretted in no uncertain, if ill-chosen, words the action of the Roman Rota in the Marlborough case. Now he regrets the fact, even deplores it, that the Catholic Church will have no delegates to the World Conference on Faith and Order to be held in Lausanne, Switzerland, in the coming August. The Bishop said he could see no reason why 'any church' should not be represented at the Conference as it would be a meeting for conference only and not to arrange terms of reunion.

The World Conference ultimately looks to a reunion of Christendom. That such a reunion should take place is dear to the heart of every Catholic, and to no heart dearer than that of the Holy Father. But the Pope realizes that such a reunion must be based on the only proper foundation ever laid down—the truth taught in the Catholic Church. However devout men may be and however good their intentions may be, there can be no adulterated or synthetic foundation for

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Christendom, and the sooner all men acknowledge this, the sooner will reunion be effected.

That the Church is hugely interested in reunion needs no proof. Repeatedly in her liturgy she prays for the fulfillment of Christ's prayer "that all may be one." And the very prayer for reunion which the World Conference has circulated and which it requests all Christians to say, is a prayer said daily by the priest at Mass before he communicates: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst to Thine Apostles, 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,' regard not our sins but the faith of Thy Church and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy will. Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, God forever and ever. Amen."

The Reds in China

ACCORDING to a special cable to *The New York Times*, the missionaries, particularly those of the Catholic Church, congregated in Hankow, are agreed to a man that Bolshevism is the main cause of the present trouble in China. This view was vigorously expressed by Bishop Cargabrel, a Spanish Augustinian, formerly in charge of what is now the Passionist Prefecture in Hunan. He says:

"Use force against the Bolsheviki immediately. They are responsible for the present chaos in China; they are using the Chinese as tools. Foreigners, and particularly missionaries, will be unable to return to their posts until the Bolshevik influence is ended. We shall return when the gunboats suppress the Bolsheviki, but until then we must stand idly by, observing the Reds confiscating our entire property without payment of a single cent.

"Our real estate and our rice fields have been confiscated. They have occupied more than 120 of our mission buildings in the Changteh district alone, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars. I am unable to estimate exactly, but they have our property and did not pay anything."

That the Chinese are traditionally anti-foreign is a strict fact of history; but the present uprising against all foreigners, irrespective of their origins, is inspired by the Bolsheviki who are using the Chinese Nationalist Movement to cover their anti-Christian campaign. Says Bishop Cargabrel:

"I say use force, not against the Chinese but against the Communists. The Chinese are traditionally anti-foreign; their history shows that. The

Middle Kingdom never wanted foreigners, even in the days of the Mongols and Manchus.

"As a result they have had wars with foreigners, even with foreigners of their own continent who are now Chinese, having been absorbed. These wars have been going on since the dawn of Chinese history. Anti-foreignism is traditional with China.

"Thus the Bolsheviki are using it now. Hence the powers must stamp out the Bolshevik; then the Chinese will become peaceful again.

"I cannot say whether they will unify their country. They have such a great number of factions that it is doubtful whether unity will come soon, but active anti-foreignism will die with the eradication of the Bolsheviki. Then we can return, but not until then.

"No, Christianity has not failed in China. We will continue our mission. From our viewpoint, despite the attitude of the Chinese against the foreigner, our effort to assist them is worthy. They are not against Europeans or Americans, these Chinese; they are against any foreigners. That is a point that it is vitally important to remember in any consideration of the Chinese people."

The impression given by those missionaries who have spent long years in China is that the Chinese revolution is almost identical with the Russian revolution in its earlier stages. They are similar in many details, and those who have witnessed recent events in the Province of Hunan believe that the whole technical structure is copied from the Russian model. Thus in a letter from Yuanchow (where the Catholic mission is in charge of our Father Timothy McDermott, C.P.) the Rev. H. Secker, of the German Lutheran mission, says:

"By God's grace we have been able to continue our work. The Reds hated us, but the people were on our side. In recent weeks the Reds have been compelling people to join them.

"From April 18th to 20th inclusive, there were to be three days of parading, because the Reds thought that they had gained a firm footing in Yuanchow. On the 17th the streets were placarded with the most offensive slogans, such as 'Down with Christians!' 'Down with God!' and 'Let Us Behead God!'"

The outlook for our mission work in China is very dark at this moment; but we must never forget that the history of the Church in every country must have its pages of martyrdom and such a page is now being written in the history of the Chinese Church. And the day may not be far distant when we shall be able to say of our devoted American Missionaries what Cardinal Wiseman said of the illustrious line of English Missionaries:

"They had to arm their minds, not against the cant of the sectary, but against the terrors of the judge; they had to steel their souls, not

against the reproach of religious opponents, but against the weight of public ignominy and disgrace; they had to harden their bodies and their feelings, not only against the rigors of missionary duties, but against the knife of the executioner. . . . they rejoiced like a giant to run their course; they boldly advanced to grapple with the united powers of earth and hell—they wrestled and they conquered. Oh! these men, indeed, *sowed* in tears; and what they thus sowed, what they even watered with their blood, we are now called only to reap, and to reap in exultation."

Condemnation of Immoral Books

IT WOULD seem that Pope Pius XI. has set himself the task of leading the world out of the moral laxity that has followed in the wake of the World War. On more than one occasion he has warned and pleaded with our Catholic women and girls to cultivate modesty in dress. Now he calls upon all the Bishops of the Church to aid him in a crusade against the printing and reading of immoral books, especially those which cloak their lascivities under a false religious mysticism. His new instruction expresses a three-fold purpose:

1. To denounce the danger, especially to youth, of immoral books which, because of modern conditions, have gained an enormous circulation at places and prices making them widely accessible.
2. To invoke the aid of the Bishops and the diocesan clergy in reading and banning books whose number is too great to permit detailed examination by the authorities of the Holy See.
3. To call attention of Catholics to the fact that the reading of evidently immoral books constitutes a mortal sin, whether or not such books have been expressly condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities or have been registered on the index of forbidden books.

The Holy Father is shocked not only by the huge number of books brazenly depicting the minutest details of sensual vices, but also by the spread of works which dare to justify morbid sensuality by erotic religious mysticism, shamelessly invoking God and religion.

Moreover, the Pope points out to Catholics that the Church, by general laws, already has established that bad books, offending gravely good customs, are forbidden, just as if they ac-

tually were listed by the index of prohibited volumes, and that the Catholic reader judging for himself that a book is immoral must not read it, even if the Bishop of his diocese has not specifically forbidden it.

For Better Understanding

A SOCIETY which, if it proves true to its purpose, should have the cordial endorsement of all honest and intelligent Americans is a Permanent Commission for Better Understanding. Its members are Protestants, Jews and Catholics, and it has been organized as a fact-finding and opinion-making body which will investigate accusations against groups of American citizens who feel themselves unjustly accused. The need of such a body in the United States is to be regretted; but if the Commission will painstakingly weigh and measure any group-wrong and give an unbiased decision, its voice should express enlightened pronouncements on the broad grounds of American humanity. If such a Commission can properly function and can reach the ear of the general public, the day should not be far distant when America shall be happily freed from the disgrace of racial and religious prejudice and commercialized bigotry.

The Colosseum Cross

PROMINENT Church and State officials will assist at the restoration of the cross in the Roman Colosseum. This cross—of rough wood—which for centuries marked the spot where so many Christian martyrs laid down their lives, was removed after the overthrow of the Pope's Temporal Power and the usurpation of the Eternal City by King Victor Emmanuel II. in 1870.

Following that date the Church and State in Italy were openly hostile. There was even talk of the Pope leaving Italy and taking up his residence in France as had been done in the Middle Ages. The situation was so strained that it could not last and time has gradually eased the relationships.

The Pope has always claimed the utmost personal and political freedom and independence for the proper functioning of the Papacy; and, whatever conditions may arise, he will insist upon his necessary and unalienable rights. How these

rights will be permanently secured is a matter of speculation and conjecture.

During the past five years Signor Mussolini, as the head of the Fascist Government, has set himself the task of pleasing the Vatican. He evidently senses Italy's need of the Church both at home and abroad. He has re-established compulsory religious teaching in all the elementary schools. He has increased the pay of all parish priests. He has ordered the crucifix to be displayed in all schools and law courts. He has again permitted religious congregations to own property. He has revoked the ban against religious ceremonies in public. He has given religious and Christian slants to the whole life of the country.

Such a ceremony as the restoration of the martyrs' cross is interpreted by some to be another important step towards the solution of the vexed "Roman Question"—the term used to describe the general problem of the relations of the Church with the State in Italy.

The Flood Sufferers

THE PRESENT flood is the worst on record in the Mississippi Valley, and it is doubtful if a greater calamity has ever been so widespread within the limits of the United States. Every day brings fresh revelations of the extent of the catastrophe and the imperative needs of the poor people of the Southwest who are its victims. Nearly a half-million people have been driven from their homes, and thousands of houses have been destroyed. A large majority of the people have lost practically all they owned, and for some time to come must be fed, clothed and sheltered on charity. While there has been, fortunately, little loss of human life, the destruction of property has been enormous. Almost countless numbers of domestic animals have been drowned, crops have been washed away and the ground rendered unfit for anything like immediate cultivation. The distress of the flood sufferers has aroused the sympathy of the nation which has responded to the extent of giving the \$10,000,000 asked for by the Red Cross. But we feel that this sum will be far from sufficient to provide adequate relief. There is every reason to expect another call for help. It should be answered promptly and generously, since there need be no fear of over-generosity.

Catholic Theatre Movement

UNDER THE patronage of Cardinal Hayes, and with headquarters at 460 Madison Avenue, New York City, the Catholic Theatre Movement should be the representative of Catholic opinion and of all God-fearing people throughout the country who realize that a stand must be taken against every form of public amusement that tends to weaken or assail Christian ideals of life and character.

The Movement is not an activity limited to one city. It arrogates to itself no plan of action that may not be confirmed and approved by the clergy and laity of every community to which its message may be sent. It pleads for support and co-operation, for whatever help by way of constructive criticism or suggestion may be given it, to represent more effectively Christian principle and sentiment in carrying out the object for which it was organized.

The Catholic Theatre Movement makes no attempt to conform its judgments to what many are pleased to call, and wrongly so, a broad conception of human freedom. That measure of delicacy and refinement which finds contentment in accepting God's law as God's law will always recognize limits in the enjoyment and appreciation of books or plays. Such limits are continually a source of impatience and anger to those who contend that the world should run along unhindered. It is idle, therefore, to argue with writers or critics who insist that all human experiences in all their details are fit subjects for public representation. Christians must keep in mind what St. Paul said about some things not even to be mentioned.

Naturally there can be no difference between the conception of good in real life and its presentation in the theatre. If the ideals of real life are not to be sacrificed to business or ambition or pleasure in every-day walks, then surely these ideals are not to be sacrificed to what is called "art" on the stage. Christian morality is fashioned by the Divine Artist who knows men better than men know themselves. Fidelity to His divine artistry is as vital in the theatre as it is in the shop, the office or the home.

Bulletins of the Movement are mailed to members, and special reports on plays sent on application. Correspondence is invited from those who desire to know more about the Movement—to learn how it can be helpful to them and how they can enlarge the sphere of its usefulness.

Wanted: More Comedy

A Protest Against the Dignity of Dullness

IT BECOMES increasingly evident that Catholic apologists have no sense of humor. They fly into a rage, they write vitriolic letters at the slightest insinuation, hint, innuendo, or what-have-you against the Church that they love—the Church which they regard as “the pillar and ground of truth.” They lack the comic spirit which impelled the medieval monks to caricature the devil and all unseemly things, and who, in this manner, reduced them to absurdity, ridicule, scorn and contempt.

Without doubt, the moderns surpass the ancients in fighting spirit, in writing equipment, in facilities for the printing and diffusion of their ideas; but it is doubtful—extremely so—if they have greater faith. The old monks rested securely on the Divine promises: “The gates of hell shall not prevail against her,” “Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.” The scholars and doctors who write so seriously and belligerently in defense of the Faith should, themselves, have more faith. They should meditate on the eleventh chapter of the Epistle of the Hebrews. There they shall read of those “who by faith conquered kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire escaped the edge of the sword, recovered strength from weakness, became valiant in battle, put to flight the armies of foreigners.”

From this meditation, they will rise up with the conviction that faith is the greatest force in the world. They will come from it, also, with the spirit of the ancient monks, smiling at the puny and futile efforts of the pigmies who struggle so pitifully to overturn the Rock of Peter.

Far be it from me to ridicule or scoff at the work of those who have so learnedly and zealously defended the truths of our holy Faith in this skeptic age. The complaint herein set forth is against the bitterness manifested toward the ignorant; the weighty arguments advanced against trivial objections and the serious attitude of the apologist towards a leering, mocking antagonist. In public debate, on the printed page, the Catholic apologist and polemist—belligerent in manner, heavy in argument and solemn in expression—is at a disadvantage with an opponent who is glib, wordy and picturesque in language; soph-

istical in argument and witty in their presentation.

The Catholic speakers and writers on these matters have retained the manners of the sixteenth century, when the Church faced the first serious disruption in the unity of the Faith, when argument had to be serious and weighty, and when results were accomplished by these methods. But nowadays, the joyous, comic spirit of the monks of the Middle Ages seems to have passed over to the adversaries.

Witness this confession from one who is considered a prince of skeptics, who treats all questions lightly, who writes gaily and humorously of questions that the scholars of centuries have pondered and investigated. In a recent syndicated article, H. L. Menchen says: “This has been the main effect of skepticism in the world, working over long ages: That it has become *gauche* and embarrassing to admit certain *indubitable facts*. Their unpopularity is due not to their destruction or abandonment, but simply to the forensic talent of the skeptics, a bombastic and tyrannical sect of men with a great deal of cruelty concealed in their so-called love of truth. It is not altruism that moves them to their assaults upon what other men hold to be precious; it is something no more than a yearning to see other men leap.” In ordinary language this means that the skeptics are having some fun at the expense of the serious and solemn defenders of the Faith. They use wit for argument, sophistry in place of logic. Thus, they have a merry time, shooting their paper bullets and making those other men leap. The result is that “the skeptics, pursuing their immemorial sport, have driven certain *congenital* beliefs of the human race under cover, and made them furtive and apologetic.” It remains to be seen whether an honest confession is good for the soul in his case; but souls into which the gift of Faith has been *infused*, should learn, from this acknowledgment, the grimaces and gestures that go with the spirit of comedy. They should use the points of logic and ridicule to prod the assumptions and sophisms of the skeptical intellects into grotesque and laughable attitudes.

THE ONLY Catholic apologist who uses this method is G. K. Chesterton. Before he became a Catholic he was lauded, quoted and re-

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vered. He was a power in the land; the critics took him seriously, and delivered their weighty opinions. Since that happy event (for him) it is impossible not to notice a feeling of irritation in the critical reviews of his books. One pictures the critic, laboring over the book, adjusting his pince-nez and wondering what all the laughter is about. He sees G. K.'s jolly face wreathed in smiles, his ample sides shaking with mirth. He sets him down as a silly fellow, adjusts the glasses again and writes a critique, nine-tenths of which is devoted to the attempt to shake off the feeling that the reviewer himself is being laughed at, that he is making a fool of himself in the very act of reviewing. The rest is vocal, or rather rhetorical

disagreement with and contradiction of G. K.'s conclusions. There is no intelligent answer made to his arguments, but only a manifestation of the irritability that comes to every man required to answer a question "yes" or "no."

My masters, fathers, friends, give us of the laity a little comedy! Three centuries of heavy argument, weighty tones and solemn pronouncements have accomplished comparatively little. Try the method of Weber and Fields who used to belabor each other with skins filled with mayonnaise dressing; or, if you prefer a Scriptural figure, take up the jaw-bone of an ass, as Samson did, and drive the Philistines from the comic stage which is yours by right of inheritance.

Who Slipped?

Miss Hoyt Makes a Strange Discovery

WHEN ONE'S ancestors came over to this country in 1640, while Nieuw Amsterdam was still Nieuw Amsterdam and the Mayflower's passengers had been here only a score of years, surely one is entitled to a certain Family Pride, is one not?

Priscilla Bartlett Hoyt felt very strongly that one was. She had no false allusions about her looks, her wealth, her brains, her personality, but she had one great pride—her Family. She was almost an ancestor worshipper. She was engaged, as a hobby, in writing the genealogy of the Hoyt Family in America and it was at once a sacred duty and her dearest joy. She spent her time delving into ancient archives of the history of New Hampshire—sometimes emerging breathlessly triumphant, with the stirring discovery that in 1773 Moses Ezekial Hoyt married Abigail Praisegod Hopkins. She sent endless letters to distant relatives whose names she had gained from only less distant relatives, asking for personal family history, and when she could find a record of a Isaiah Hoyt Sullivan in Oregon who checked up with some Hezekiah Hopkins Hoyt, who had left New Hampshire in 1849, she was in the seventh heaven.

Priscilla was a Daughter of the American Revolution. She was also a Colonial Dame. She was also under-Secretary of the Society of Punx-

By JESSIE F. EDGERLY

sutawney Pioneers, a remote but exclusive historical society in

New Hampshire. And nothing could keep her from the yearly dinner of the Punxsutawney Pioneers up in the tiny New Hampshire town. There she mingled with her own kind—those people who appreciated the true significance of the fact that Thomas Merrill Hoyt, Gentleman Farmer, who had been the first Hoyt to leave the little town outside of Oxford, England, and journey to the new land, was the first Hoyt in America!

TO HER, no fiction was so thrilling, no narrative so holding as the history of her own people. Thomas Merrill Hoyt had wanted to come to America, but gentlemen were very unwelcome in the stern and righteous Puritan community. Only workers were wanted—tillers of the soil, husbandmen, carpenters. So Thomas signed himself as "weaver," though he had never woven anything, and gained entrance to the land. In a remarkably short time he was a judge. Judge Hoyt was listed many times in New Hampshire history.

There were tales of Indian raids in the Hoyt genealogy. There was one peaceful little Hoyt homestead on the Punxsutawney River. One day the Indians swooped down and the family was barely able to escape in the rude, home-made

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canoe that was kept tied up to shore ready for just such emergencies. But in the haste and confusion, two of the children were left behind—a baby girl, only a few months old and a little boy of three. When the family returned, the baby's body was found. Its brains had been dashed out against the wall. And the little boy had disappeared—carried off by the Indians. The family gave him up for lost. His probable fate was only too easy to imagine. He would be tortured cruelly and put to death.

YEARS AFTERWARDS TWO of the Hoyt boys were fighting the French and Indians in the Colonial Wars. They were engaged in drawing rocks for the building of Fort Ticonderoga when the older of the two was approached by a handsome youth, apparently a French-Canadian, dressed in the height of Montreal fashion. "Is your name Hoyt?" he asked. The older Hoyt boy replied in the affirmative. "That is my name, too," returned the other, and told his story.

He was that little three-year-old boy who had been captured by the Indians. They had carried him along with their band, but he had come to no harm, for an Indian squaw, who had recently lost her own little boy, took a fancy to him and insisted upon adopting him.

For years he had lived with them as an Indian child. Then the squaw died. At the time the Indian band was in Canada, so the chief left the little boy with a French-Canadian family who continued his bringing-up. He received a very fine education and was happy and contented with his adopted family.

Naturally his brothers were overjoyed to see him once again and they exacted a promise from him that he would return to the old home in New Hampshire to visit his mother. This he did, and remained with his parents for a few years. But he grew restless, and finally returned to his friends in Canada, and was again lost to the Hoyt family and its genealogy.

There were Hoyts in every American war, several in the French and Colonial wars, fighting with the British; some in the Revolutionary War, fighting against the British; others in the War of 1812, upholding the honor of the United States in the naval battles on the Great Lakes. There was a Hoyt who fought the Indians in the Far West and became a General—a Hoyt who fought in the Mexican Wars. Priscilla's own grandfather had enlisted in the Eighth Massachusetts during the Civil War, went down to the swamps of South Carolina, contracted yellow

fever, and returned to Massachusetts to live a few miserably ill years, and finally die as a result of his war experiences.

There were young Hoyts in the Spanish-American War—boys who went with their National Guard Regiments. And every available Hoyt youngster joined the Army or Navy in 1917.

Yes, Priscilla was proud to be a Hoyt. They were a "fine, old American family." She was inclined to smile, patronizingly but indulgently, when "second-generation Irish" or "third-generation Italians" referred to themselves as Americans. She approved of Americanization, but she realized that she had such a head-start over most dwellers in America, that they could never hope to catch up with her.

Naturally, with such a background, Priscilla was a Protestant. A "true" Protestant she would have called it. Not "Episcopalian." Her ancestors had come to this country to escape the Church of England with its Book of Common Prayer. She held "High Church" and "Broad Church" in secret contempt. Flowers, candles, pomp and circumstance, they all smacked strongly of Papistry. Her stern forefathers worshipped austerely in plain, undecorated chapels. What need of frills and furbelows when the faith is strong, the heart is staunch for God? Ceremonies and show only confuse. One can worship God in the great out-of-doors, in a humble hut. The old Puritans had the proper spirit. They would sit for hours on a plank bench listening to a minister of the Gospel preach his harsh doctrine. They would offer up hymns to God from their straight-backed pews. What need to scrape, to bow, to genuflect, or curtsy? As free-born souls they held their heads erect, their chins high, and spoke to God as man to man—very stern, harsh man to very just and not so merciful God.

Priscilla considered any Hoyt who was not a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, to be a backslider. If there were Unitarians in the fold, she preferred not to hear about it. And if there were Catholics—Roman Catholics—she simply refused to consider them.

IT DID seem hard to Priscilla to think that people would exile themselves from their homeland for the sake of religious principle, and then have their descendants slip over into an ancient, outworn religion that even that benighted homeland had known enough to discard! Catholicity in itself was quite all right for those people who were constitutionally Catholic—the Irish, the

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Italians, certain Germans, French, Spanish; there were plenty of people to fill the Catholic churches—but for a Real American (capital R, capital A) that was a different matter. And for a Hoyt, one of *the* Hoyts, it was utterly out of the question.

PRISCILLA HAD many enthusiasms in connection with her pet hobby, and she had one great ambition. That was to make a pious pilgrimage back to that little town of Milton-under-Wyche-wood, the little hamlet near Oxford, whence that early Thomas Merrill Hoyt had come to the new land.

Priscilla could have gone to England as a third-class passenger, but that she scorned to do. For the accomplishment of her dearest dream, she must go first class. And it took saving and scrimping, managing and planning for her to go that way.

But finally she did go. And one bright Summer day found her in the little ancient churchyard at Milton-under-Wychewood, searching eagerly for the name of Hoyt. Here was one "Father Hoyt, appointed prebend of the Catholic Church . . ."

A Catholic priest in the family! That was rather a shock, but then in those early days there was only one Church. Everybody was Catholic then, and it could hardly be held against that early Hoyt.

Further searching in the little English town revealed the fact that Lady Dorothy Hoyt had been arrested for helping the Jesuit priest, Father Barns, to escape. A priest's hiding-hole was discovered in her home. All this in the year—!

So Priscilla made the shocking discovery that even in the days of the Reformation there were Catholic Hoyts.

She began to wonder just when the Hoyts had first turned Protestant. Perhaps it was the Hoyt whose history she read in Wilton-under-Wyche-wood. In the year 1625, at the age of 26, he had been appointed official carrier from the college at Oxford to the Crown at London. Perhaps that Hoyt had turned Protestant as a point of policy. But there was no record of such a hap-

pening. Priscilla tried in vain to discover whether the Thomas Hoyt who was made a carrier in 1625, was the same person as the Thomas Merrill Hoyt who came to America in 1640.

Why, it was even possible that that first American Hoyt had been a Catholic! An amazing thought! And yet rumor had it that Miles Standish had been a Catholic. Perhaps there were some Catholics in the early settlers who came to this country to escape religious persecution.

Priscilla began to consider the question very strongly. If that first American Hoyt *had* been a Catholic, when did the Hoyts become Protestant? It was an interesting thought.

According to the early annals of the family, the Hoyts had never been a bigoted family. One of them, as Judge of the Circuit Court in New Hampshire, refused to condemn a woman tried before him on the charge of witchcraft. Two Hoyt brothers, later on, disgraced the family by marrying Quaker girls.

How far back had the Hoyts been Protestant? It was an absorbing topic to Priscilla. The little churchyard at Milton-under-Wychewood had aroused her interest in the Reformation period in England and she read all of the works of Robert Hugh Benson.

* * * *

IT WAS a dreadful shock to the members of the Hoyt Family in America to learn that Priscilla Bartlett Hoyt, family genealogist and latter-day Puritan, had turned Catholic.

Letters of protest flowed in from aunts and uncles and cousins.

One aunt voiced the general sentiment of the Family.

"With your background and family pride," she wrote, "how can you desert the faith of your fathers? How can you leave the Old Church, that your forefathers suffered exile for?"

And Priscilla wrote back:

"I have simply returned to the Faith of my Fathers. My ancestors, and yours, were Catholics. I cannot be expected to suffer because some comparatively recent ancestor slipped from the fold."

Raymund Lully and Duns Scotus

It is recorded of the celebrated, though perhaps eccentric, scholar, Raymond Lully, that once he entered the school of Duns Scotus, to whom he was unknown. The lecturer addressed to him

the question, *Quotuplex pars scientiae est Deus?* (What part of knowledge includes God?) His reply overmastered the interrogator: *Deus non est pars, Qui est totum* (God is in no part; He is All.)

Gemma Galgani: *The Progress of Her Cause for Canonization*

NOW IS the Cause of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani progressing? This is the question frequently asked and the following is a brief answer:

It had been feared some time ago that the Cause of Gemma had met with a setback, that it was suspended indefinitely, and we even heard it said that people were warned against reading her writings. How far all this is from the truth one may judge from the fact that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has announced the holding of the Antepreparatory Meeting, June 28, 1927. The Cardinals, together with their Consultors, in this meeting will discuss the Virtues of the Servant of God. Should they find that she practiced the theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the moral virtues of Justice, Temperance, Prudence and Fortitude in an *heroic degree*, and we have reason for hoping that they will, then Gemma will be declared *Venerable*.

To those familiar with the vast and intricate machinery of the Processes for Beatification and Canonization, this progress is phenomenal. Six months ago the Postulator of the Cause, Father Aegidio, C.P., speaking on this matter, remarked that it is possible for Gemma to be beatified in two or three years, but he added that that would be a miracle. Now we have good ground for hoping that the miracle will happen.

Gemma died April 11, 1903. Only twenty-four years have passed since she breathed forth her pure soul, consumed rather by the fire of Divine Love, than by the ravages of disease; yet in that short time her Cause has gone forward uninterruptedly, surmounting every obstacle, so that now it is well within sight of its glorious goal. Hardly dead four years, her fame for sanctity had become so great, the favors received through her intercession were so many, that a formal request

By BENJAMIN WIRTZ, C.P.

was made for the introduction of her Cause.

The processes were accordingly initiated in 1907, at Lucca, Italy, where the remains of Gemma had been laid to rest. These first processes were only local, carried on by the Bishop and his Curia. For three years this Court made official search for all the writings of the Servant of God, and summoned everyone who was acquainted or who had been associated with her and by strict inquiry under oath, the story of her life was gathered. When the Episcopal Court had finished its work, a compilation was made of all the information obtained and formed into what is known as the Acts of the Cause. These, together with all the writings of the Servant of God, were sent to Rome and committed to the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Before the Holy See touched the Cause, all the writings of the Servant of God were carefully reviewed. Then there was the examination into her life, virtues and miracles as contained in the Acts, and lastly an inquiry was made whether all the formalities of law had been complied with by the local authorities.

AFTER TEN years of careful and disinterested study by one of the most learned bodies of men in the world, it was declared:

1. That her writings were found to contain nothing contrary to faith or morals, rather that from which even favored souls could derive profit;
2. That her fame for sanctity was found to be well-grounded and substantiated by her extraordinary life, virtues and miracles;
3. That all the formalities of law had been observed.

While this inquiry was going on, eighteen Cardinals, sixty Archbishops, one hundred and forty Bishops and forty Generals of Religious Orders



MONUMENT OVER
THE GRAVE OF
GEMMA GALGANI

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asked for the Beatification of Gemma Galgani.

The time had now arrived for the Sacred Congregation to come to a decision. Hence a meeting was called for April 27, 1920. Fifteen Cardinals making up the Sacred Congregation of Rites, together with their Consulators, were assembled, and the question was proposed: "Shall the Holy See take over the Cause of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani, and appoint a Commission to carry on the processes?"

AFTER EACH one of the members of the Congregation had given his opinion a vote was taken. That the vote should be favorable, we had reason to hope; but that there should not be one dissenting voice in that distinguished assembly; that the vote should be unanimous, was beyond our expectation; yet when the votes had been counted and opened they were found to be all in the affirmative.

Of special note was the vote of one Cardinal, a theologian of international fame. It had been whispered that he did not favor the Cause. His vote, when it was opened, read: *Affirmative et Amplius*. (The strongest possible "yes.") Rumor had it that Gemma worked a miracle through her intercession on one of his household. There now remains but the confirmation of this decision by the Holy Father and then the Holy See takes hold of the Cause and it is called "Apostolic."

Seven years have passed, and a vast amount of work has been done. A new process has been held. This time by Judges delegated by the Sacred Congregation. Anyone who had given testimony in the Episcopal trial was again summoned, put under oath and questioned. All the Acts of these processes and trials were taken down in writing, copies were made of them, and they were distributed to the members of the Sacred Congregation. We can have some idea of

the colossal labor when we are told that these acts fill four quarto volumes, each having over nine hundred pages.

Everything is now ready for the final steps leading to the Beatification. There remains to decide that Gemma practiced the virtues in an heroic degree, and that God has set His seal on her Cause by two genuine miracles. The virtues will be discussed and voted on in the Ante-Preparatory Meeting, June 28th. If favorable, there will remain the so-called Preparatory Meeting for the discussion of the miracles. After that the Supreme Pontiff will call a general meeting

of the Sacred Congregation and, having put the question, "Whether the Church can proceed safely with the beatification of the Servant of God?" a vote will be taken and if it is in the affirmative the Holy Father will publish a decree to that effect.

The rapid progress of the Cause of Gemma is wonderful. Rome, proverbially slow and careful, becomes more so in the degree that a Cause is extraordinary. Yet in the processes of the Servant of God there is revealed to us a soul who was privileged with experiences equal to those of the greatest saints. Like a St. Margaret Mary, she had frequent vi-

sions of Our Lord. Like another St. Frances of Rome, she enjoyed the visible presence of her Guardian Angel, who directed her, served her, and even delivered letters to her confessor at a distance, and took her messages to the Blessed Mother and Saints.

LIKE THE great St. Francis of Assisi she was marked with the Stigmata, the wounds in her hands and feet and side. But more than all this, like a few of the greatest Saints, she tasted and shared in all the sufferings of the Sacred Passion. On Thursday nights she would suffer the Agony in the Garden, the "Sorrow unto Death and the Sweat of Blood." On



FRAMED HANDKERCHIEF SHOWING BLOOD FROM
THE SIDE OF GEMMA GALGANI

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Fridays she would have not only her hands and feet transpierced with wounds, but also the stripes and deep furrows of the scourging on her innocent flesh, the blood would trickle down her brow from the wounds of the thorns, the wound caused by the weight of the Cross would appear on her shoulder and the dislocation of the arms caused by the crucifixion could be heard. And what passes almost beyond comprehension is that she also endured the *Thirst* and the *Desolation* of the *Three Hours' Agony*. She was privileged to be a living picture of all the sufferings of Christ Crucified.

FROM THESE few general observations of Gemma's extraordinary characteristics one can easily infer the many difficulties that would be met in promoting her Cause. To answer all objections that may be raised; to prove that she was not hysterical; that her visions were not hallucinations; that her wounds were not the result of auto-suggestion or auto-hypnotism, but that all was truly supernatural—the *work of God*; to prove this and to answer all these objections in such a manner as to leave no room for reasonable doubt was the unenviable task of the Promoter of Gemma's Cause.

Thank God, she found a champion well able to break a lance in her defense—Father Aloysius Besi, C. P.—one of the most gifted and learned men in Rome. For two years he labored to answer the objections raised by the opposition, and so clear, so learned, so forceful were his answers, that all doubt was removed, all opposition broken down, and, after God, we owe to this noble and saintly priest and scholar the unprecedented progress of Gemma's Cause. (He died in 1923.)

Thus far Gemma's Cause has come through splendidly, and while there are still some hidden rocks on which it could be wrecked, nevertheless under the able guidance of the present promoter we hope that in two years hence, it shall have steered clear of all danger and we shall be able to invoke the Servant of God as *Blessed*.

One day the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., in audience with one of the prominent men in Rome was speaking of the Servants of God whose

Causes would be considered in the current year. When the name of Gemma was mentioned the Holy Father smilingly, approvingly, said: *La Desideratissima e Recercatissima Gemma*. (The most desired and most sought for gem.) Truly there is no Servant of God whose beatification is so much petitioned for, whose Cause is so popular and universal, and that has so many favors to its record. We trust, then, that when the Holy Father shall celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood in 1929 and proclaims, as his predecessors have done, a Jubilee for the whole world that among other beatifications and canonizations, this golden jubilee shall be enhanced by the beatification of God's Servant, Gemma Galgani.



THE SERVANT OF GOD, GEMMA GALGANI

* * *

"Catholics who believe that God is ever with the world He created, and that even in our materialistic age His arm is not shortened, however much our vision may be restricted by our surroundings, may well thank God for this manifestation of the power of His Grace in the life of Gemma Galgani, which brings so clearly before us the fact that the Supernatural world is as sure, as real, and as near to us as the world of which our senses tell us. God is indeed "wonderful in His Saints."—CARDINAL GASQUET.

Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

THE FATHER OF A NUN

Many a father will appreciate the sentiments
in these verses from *The Tablet* (Brooklyn):

Child o' mine you're bent on goin'
An' my thoughts are sweet an' sad;
Never heed if tears be flowin'—
No! the heart of me is glad!
Sure, I feel it when I ponder
An' the tears come for a while,
But I know that 'way up yonder
Angels look on you an' smile,
Child o' mine, child o' mine.
Up there is the Blessed Mother
With her Child, the Son of God—
Sure, we're partin' from each other
Just to tread the path they trod,
Child o' mine.

Oh, the face o' you so tender,
An' the shinin' eyes an' hair,
All o' you, so fine an' slender,
Will find sheltered harbor there,
Where the gates o' life break faintly
On the big gray convent wall,
An' the nuns, calm-browed an' saintly,
Heed like you God's whispered call,
Child o' mine, child o' mine.
Sure He wants you to be makin'
Just the vows His Mother made,
And the heart might know sad achin'
If His call was not obeyed,
Child o' mine.

Think o' me (and I do) when you are prayin'
Child, the moments will be few
That the mind will not be strayin'
From the work at home to you.
Ah, I know the intercedin'
That will reach God's throne for me;
Sure, I see you, rapt an' pleadin'
With bowed head an' bended knee,
Child o' mine, child o' mine.
Don't be thinkin' I'll be frettin',
Oh, I'll love you all the more!
You'll be far from me, but gettin'
Nearer Him the Virgin bore,
Child o' mine.

FREEDOM IS NOT SMUTTY

The failure to realize the distinction between
license and liberty has always been the crying
evil of democracy. Men, too often, take liberty
to mean lawlessness—the total breaking with all
restraints. The following editorial from *Col-
lier's* illustrates how the so-called right of free

speech may be abused instead of used with proper
discretion:

Recently a tabloid newspaper was denied circula-
tion privileges in Yonkers, N. Y., because of the in-
decency of its stories reporting a particularly of-
fensive marital litigation.

The enterprising editor who had surpassed all
previous records for purveying filth at once said:
"The police are infringing the right of free speech."

Nonsense. Freedom of speech does not permit
little boys to chalk dirty words on blank walls and
it does not sanction the recital of salacious divorce
testimony by newspapers.

Liberty is never absolute. It is tempered by de-
cent restraint or it is lost. If publishers and editors
show themselves unfit to exercise the freedom of the
press, they will lose it quickly and there will be few
to mourn the loss.

GRADUATE SCORES EDITORIAL

The following letter is clipped from the
Princetonian, the under-graduate paper of the
Princeton University. The silly ideas emanating
from the immature minds of the boy-editors de-
serve a more stinging rebuke. Now-a-days no
theme is so sacred as to be proof against the
puerile gibes of the under-graduates of some of
our schools of higher learning; no subject is so
abstruse as not to be fully known by these bud-
ding philosophers; no line of conduct is so pru-
dently taken as cannot be improved upon by
these masters in Israel.

To the Editor of the PRINCETONIAN:

Sir:—1. Apropos of today's editorial, "His Blood-
Red Banner . . .", I regret the seeming flippant quo-
tation of sacred hymns. 2. The missionaries, I un-
derstand from the daily papers, are not "bitter," only
sorry that they are unable to continue their work.
3. There has been, as I learn of conditions, no pre-
tense of "veneering" upon even a small part of China
as a whole. Only a few, comparatively, of the Chi-
nese, profess conversion, and they are not turning
against the missionaries, but suffering with them.
4. China is like America. The majority of people,
even on the supposedly Christian Princeton Campus,
are given to attacks upon Christianity, from ridi-
cule to opposition, as is evidenced by occasional
PRINCETONIAN editorials. No informed person
would say that Princeton students have only a veneer
of Christianity. They, with some exceptions, know
nothing about it, having never been willing to test
its power. Without religion; without reverence for
the greatest factor in any civilization, as religion

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surely is; without refinement enough to be courteous in using their immature minds while considering it; without respect for those professing and endeavoring to propagate Christianity; without regard apparently for anyone or anything related to Christianity, they, no more than Chinese, never brought under Christianity's influence, should be charged with having had only a religious veneering "having taken more heed to the purely material aspects of Western culture" which are always the fruits of Christianity and are seen even in China.

ALFORD KELLEY, '86.

PLAY TO THE KING!

Could not a fine sermon be preached from the following ideas of Angelo Patri in the current number of *The Red Book*? To the Catholic the presence of God should be a more compelling motive to play his part well than should the presence of many earthly monarchs in his audience inspire the actor upon the stage to put forth his best efforts. Verily, *the King* sits in every audience. He continually regards us. Play to Him!

Edwin Booth once said to a group of aspiring young actors: "The King sits in every audience. Play to him." Some of them smiled openly; but one, Keane, remembered and pondered the thought.

When the opening night of what was to him a most important engagement came, it found him unknown, in debt, half sick with fear and worry. To complete his woe, a violent rainstorm swept the London streets.

At the time set for the curtain to rise, the house was empty save for a little group of gentlemen who had the casual air of "just dropping in and going on." For an instant Keane's courage faltered. Why play to an empty house? Then he remembered: "The king sits in every audience. Play to him." He would go on and play to his king, give him his best regardless. . . . By the end of the second act the young actor knew that next morning he would be heralded as a master, an arrived artist. The greatest critic of them all had crowned him.

Each of us plays before his own tribunal. Each of us listens for the "Bravo!" of his king. I have heard people say: "I do my work to please myself. If others like it, very good. If they do not, very good. I satisfy my own soul, and do not care one way or the other."

I doubt that. We all care. We are lonely isolated beings, each sealed in the casket of his body for life. Eagerly we peer out in the hope of a friendly smile; anxiously we extend groping hands to meet a cordial grasp; longingly we listen for the "Bravo!" of the king. When it comes, we are alight with the glow that is not of this earth and our strength is as the strength of ten. We sing in our souls; and as we work, we know the work to be good. Life is sweet.

Oh, it's easy then, when the hands are clapping—for you; when the cheers are ringing—for you. It's high holiday when the king shouts his "Bravo!"—for you. But if you are alone? If the house is

empty and the rain beats chill into your soul? Alone you lift up your voice, stretch forth your part—and no response breaks the cold silence: what then?

You are cast in a part that displeases the crowd, and forthwith they howl you down and drive you off with imprecation and abuse. When, as you sit apart waiting for your cue, every slighting accent, every careless shrug, every unkind word cuts into your smarting soul, what then?

Can you call your courage and go out once more and play your part to your king? If you can, you win; for the king does sit in every audience.

CALUMNY

St. Paul brackets the calumniator with the thief and the notorious person and says that the gates of Heaven are barred to these traducers of character. There seems to be no adequate punishment on earth for such. One of the common results of this sin is graphically told in this verse from the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*:

A Whisper woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!
But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world apart,
And that—it broke!

A VICAR'S PSALM OF WOES

The Rev. Basil W. B. Matthews, vicar of the Holy Trinity Church, London, according to an Associate Press dispatch, has experienced so many problems of clerical deportment in his parish that he has written the following psalm about them:

"Be he grave or serious in his demeanor: Seeking to uphold the dignity of the cloth,
"He is said to be standoffish, "Pi" and uppish:
Yes, the ungodly call him 'Holy Joe.'

"So then he trieth to be gay, greeting all and sundry with a merry jest: But this, too, displeaseth some.

"With young men and maidens, too, the parson hath his problems: For if from them he hold aloof, they mislike him much.

"So that when to him they should turn as to a friend in need, with them he cutteth no ice.

"Again, if beholding overmuch intemperance in his flock, he exhorteth all men to abstain from strong drink,

"He is said to be a killjoy, and inhuman; a very Stiggins, whose mind is straitened.

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"But if he entereth a tavern and putteth his foot upon the rail of brass, there be those who say, 'Behold a wine-bibber.'

"So when he bloweth froth he committeth iniquity; and when he bloweth it not, he is likewise a sinner.

"Let thy servant therefore walk in the steps of his Master, and care naught for the opinion of man."

THE PRAYER OF THE HUMORIST

To be the King's jongleur in heaven is fit reward for those who bring sunshine and laughter to the hearts of men. From *The Pilot* (Boston):

God, grant that I may see the joke of things,

The little things that bother, now and then.

God, grant my sense of humor may be strong

To weep a bit—and yet, to smile again.

God, grant there be a chuckle in each tear,

To every trial, God grant a funny half.

And when I'm to be judged, perhaps You'll say:

"Are you the soul who always tried to laugh?"

And when I nod and answer, "Yes, I am,

I tried to kill my troubles with a grin."

Perhaps You'll smile and say, "That was a task.

But here's the Gate of Heaven. Enter in!"

—Kathleen Martha Lamb.

THE WORD "NEWS"

The Printers' Album is authority for this explanation of the origin of the word "news."

Julius Caesar may be said to have founded the first "newspaper," but this was in the form of waxed tablets upon the surface of which the "Acts of the (Roman) Senate" were scratched with pointed tools by trained writers known as *tabularii*. The Acts of the Senate gradually developed into a publication of general news, named "Acts of the City." But, even before the time of Caesar, the Egyptians and the Chinese referred to the word "news" in their literary works.

The word in English, however, has originated from various sources. Before the advent of printed newspapers, written messages and dispatches were carried from town to town by "news reporters" riding on horse-back. In course of time this system is said to have led up to the practice of posting important news items on boards in public places, such as the local inns, the "town hall," the stations from which stage coaches departed, etc. According to historical notes in old English books, came the time when the written news items were pinned or pasted upon the bulletin boards under four different letter-headings as: N. E. W. S. Under the letter N "public occurrences" in the North part of the country were placed. Happenings in the East were reported under the E column. In the W column news from the West was given, while in the space under the S were placed reports from the South.

Eventually, these four letters of the compass were joined together to form the word NEWS, as it is known today. And, from this word the compound word, "newspaper" was gradually formed.

THE CHURCH AND CHINA

The (London) *Universe*, anent present conditions in China, has this to say:

Rome has spoken with a voice firmly unfaltering. She has no fear of revolutions nor of falling crowns nor dying dynasties. To her it is all evolution in the deep design of God. She has seen the centuries pass away in tumult from her old tower beside the slowly flowing Tiber and soon settle down in peace again. She holds high up above the warring States, tribes and factions that glowing Lamp of Truth and Justice entrusted to her care so long ago. The awakening of China is welcomed by the Church. It is now even beginning to be realized by our politicians of today. Out of the present chaos order should emerge by the working forces of China's own vast peoples if they are only let alone. Like a nest of busy ants stirred up in their quiet life of eager toiling industry, this most ancient, yet primitive people are broken and bewildered, running hither and thither in the sudden light. In their confusion they are misled by outsiders of all kinds, seeking to profit by their perplexities. There will be fighting and loss and suffering amongst these harmless people, and also among those who are trying to exploit and penetrate their great unknown country. All the governments must protect the lives and properties of their own nationals, and so we get a very babel of conflict and confusion. Rome alone knows her own mind, sitting serene in the City of God and remembering the great old words of Christ, "I know Mine and Mine know Me."

REFUSED TO BE BEHEADED

How Chinese etiquette is apt to defeat its own purpose is illustrated in this A. P. dispatch:

Dr. Frank Price, professor in the Nanking Theological Seminary, escaped decapitation at the hands of Chinese because he refused to kneel, he declared on his arrival at Shanghai.

The Chinese love of ceremony was declared by Dr. Price to be the only reason he escaped death by the executioner's axe. He said that when Chinese soldiers and mobs entered Nanking, Mrs. Price and her children escaped to an American gunboat. He remained in the city, and was one of a group of Americans captured by the invaders, robbed and brutally treated.

"I was a prisoner eight hours," the professor said. "On seven different occasions my captors threatened to kill me, ordering me to get down on my knees with my head on the ground so that they could behead me. This is the correct position for executions in China, and rarely deviated from.

"Each time I refused. It made my captors highly indignant.

"How, then, can we cut off your head?" they complained to me. 'You are very unfair to us.'"

"I finally escaped through the secret help of a friendly lieutenant."

The Passing of Puritanism

First: The Welsh Country Chapel

MY NEW boots creaked horribly along the country road and my stiff Sunday suit imposed an unfamiliar sedateness upon my boyish restlessness. Running after butterflies was forbidden and the tempting blackberries on the hedges had to be left unpicked for fear of staining our hands and mouths. Going to chapel, therefore, had its disadvantages. By the end of the three miles we were hot and tired; the suppressed spirit, resenting discipline, was inclined to be surly. But the sight of the white-washed chapel brought relief.

It was a small building with a gallery at one end and a high pulpit at the other. Memorial marbles, affixed to the walls and commemorating the virtues of deceased ministers and others, were the only ornaments. The distempered walls were peeling and there was a stuffy smell of varnished pews which, to the end of my life, I shall associate with Sunday. But the sunlight streaming through the large unstained windows made amends for these deficiencies, as did also the restful silence of the place. Besides, there was the arrival of the congregation to watch.

There were the Pritchards, for instance—father, mother, and two black-eyed little girls with red faces—who lived on a distant farm somewhere near the end of the world. They drove into chapel in a high, old-fashioned gig, stabling the horse in the accommodation provided under the chapel. Presently Ted Evans stumbled clumsily to a seat, hid his face for a moment in his bowler hat (that being the recognized attitude of prayer on entering the place) settled himself and looked around at us. Ted worked on a neighboring farm and had initiated me into the mysteries of snaring rabbits and catching trout, and his smile, therefore, had something of the free-masonry of those who share such delicious secrets.

The hand of the plain-faced clock in front of the gallery pointing now to eleven, John Thomas issued from the vestry and carried the Book with appropriate solemnity up the winding stairs of the pulpit and placed it carefully on the faded cushion. He had scarcely retired from this momentary glare of publicity when the Rev. Ebenezer Rees, an old man with a long white beard, mounted the same stairs and, after bowing in si-

lent prayer, gave out a hymn. The first verse having been read, the congregation rose and sang it to the accompaniment of an harmonium. The second verse was then read and sung in the same fashion and so on to the end of the hymn. It was a slow performance, and before it was finished I was shifting my weight from one foot to another and leaning on the pew in front to sustain my weariness. Followed Scriptural readings with running commentary and more hymns.

Then came the sermon. It occupied three-quarters of an hour. The Rev. Ebenezer's discourses generally had five heads and a conclusion. At the end of each section he took a sip of water and wiped his forehead. It was easy, therefore, to count the stages of our imprisonment. Occasionally, however, we were deceived. "In conclusion," which we supposed heralded the last of these divisions would be followed by, "And now, finally." The one sure sign which never misled was the rising of the preacher's voice in what is known as the *hwyl*, a sing-song intonation reserved for the peroration. When we heard that, we felt for our collection-pennies, and glanced at our caps under the seat, to be sure that they were within easy reach. A hymn, during which plates were brought round for our contributions, and the "benediction" brought the proceedings to a close. It would have been better for us, perhaps, if we had listened more attentively than we did to the old man. If his style was crude, his discourses contained much sound doctrine. Modernism was unknown in those days and tirades against opposing churches infrequent. The preacher confined himself to an exposition of Scripture as he understood it. To instruct the faithful in the Way of Salvation and to convert sinners appeared his only objects.

BUT, ancient as it seemed, the chapel marked an advance in that district. Before its erection, services had been held in the large kitchens of various farms. There still survives in my family an old oak chair, once my grandfather's, which was used on these occasions. It is so contrived that a reading desk can be fitted on the back. When the service was held at my grandparents' farm the host sat in the seat facing the little crowd of neighbors constituting the con-

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gregation and the preacher stood behind him.

My grandfather himself sometimes officiated, walking many miles to some distant farm in order to conduct the service and preach. It was only in later life that he had acquired a knowledge of English and his ministrations were, therefore, in Welsh. He was an austere man, particularly conscientious regarding "the Sabbath." He had been known, after a long spell of wet weather during which his crops waited to be reaped, refusing to avail himself of a fine Sunday, though thereby he risked losing the main source of his income. But, though he waited in patient and loyal idleness all day, the clock had no sooner struck the midnight hour than he and his men sallied forth into the moonlight night with scythes ready sharpened to cut the long swathes of golden corn. Such were the forefathers of Welsh Nonconformity!

On our way to chapel we passed through the graveyard attached to the Anglican church. It was here that the "gentry" attended and a few of the more fashionable farmers. Besides the social barrier which separated its adherents from the chapel-goers there was the national. The "Church" was an alien institution, divorced from the native sentiment of the population. That sentiment was wholly Nonconformist. (It is only in recent years that I have learned the truth regarding Wales' Catholic past. In those days it was a closed book: I never imagined that my forbears had ever been anything else but Congregationalists or Baptists).

This antagonism between Church and Chapel was accentuated by the exaction of tithes on behalf of the former. Those who attended the ministrations of the vicar were regarded as traitors to their class and native country. They were also supposed to have evaded the sterner moral code of Dissent for a religion of frills and

social perfumery. The disestablishment of the Anglican Church was then a live topic; we were anti-Erastians to a man.

I have to thank Welsh Nonconformists for my belief that the Church of Christ is above all governments and that no State regulations must be allowed to curtail its essential functions. Those farmers when they built, at their own cost, the plainly adorned chapels of the Principality in order to escape the shadow of a State-Establishment, were, however, ignorantly, fighting on a vital issue. I have to thank Nonconformity, too, for an ideal of simple piety which, for all its Puritanism, was not entirely un-Christian. But here sentiment steps in to warp my judgment. How much the memory of sunny summer mornings and rustic simplicity may have to do in forming my estimate of the religion taught me in those days I do not know.

IS THE sacrifice which the convert makes of such sentiment realized by the "born-Catholic"? Faith is one thing and the sentiment that clings around childish memories is another, and he who enters the Catholic Church must often, in obedience to the one, abandon the other. Such abandonment, however, is only temporary. The sunlight which falls today on the Altar where reposes the Body of our Lord is the same that flooded the sanctuary of my boyhood. If I had seemed to lose the simple piety of those unsophisticated rustics with whom I once mingled, I have recovered it in a loftier and even simpler form. The Catholic Church is big enough to include all that was of real value in the worship of those far-off days. The glory of the white-washed chapel among the Welsh hills was but a hint and premonition of the greater glory of that Church which is built under the overhanging shadows of Eternity.

Adam's Risk and Ours

When Adam transgressed, it was at least against the chance of an improved condition that he threw his stakes. He entertained hopes of a sublimer happiness by being as a god, knowing good and evil. There was a bold presumption in the cast, but there was no consciousness that he was flinging himself into the arms of misery. He knew not well what death might be; he had not seen it. He was not aware that there was another

earth beyond the bounds of Eden, which produced thorns and briars, into which he could be banished. But we, when we offend God and resign His gifts, understand to the full the terms of our bargain. We know too well what that death is which becomes our due; we know well what the place will be to which we shall be consigned when driven from this miserable substitute for our lost Paradise.—CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

QUALIFICATIONS OF PRESIDENT

(1) *Does the Constitution of the U. S. mention anything about religion in regard to the qualifications of a President?* (2) *Is there anything in the Presidential oath of office with reference to a repudiation of a foreign power?*—V. L., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(1) The qualifications of the President of the U. S. are given in the Constitution of the U. S., Article II., Section 1. It reads: "No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States." There is no mention whatever of a man's religious creed. Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, infidels, Mongolians and Negroes are all eligible according to the Constitution, if they be native-born Americans. (2) The Presidential oath of office is found in the above mentioned Article and section of the Constitution. It reads: "Before he (the President) enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation: 'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States'."

THE FIVE SCAPULARS

(1) *Will you let me know if it is necessary to be enrolled in the Five Scapulars?* (2) *Will enrollment in the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel suffice?*—N. B., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) It is not necessary but advisable. (2) No.

DEATH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

How many years after our Lord's death did the Blessed Virgin's occur? I told a Protestant that she was divine and ascended into heaven.—H. E., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Your zeal was certainly not according to knowledge. Our Lady was not a Divine person. She was the mother of One. Therein lies the reason of her sublime character. Our Lord really died. So did His Mother. The exact date is not known with cer-

tainty, but it is commonly held that she died about the year 48 A.D. It is the belief of the Church that her blessed body was not permitted to see corruption, but was taken up into heaven to be forever with her Divine Son. This event is called the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.

KISSING

Is it wrong for a girl to kiss a boy before she is engaged?—L. D. M., NEWARK, N. J.

Kissing, in itself, is not sinful. It easily becomes sinful. It is always dangerous when indulged in between young men and young women.

PRE-NUPTIAL PROMISES

In the April SIGN you say that if a Protestant has conscientious objections against promising to have his children brought up in the Catholic Faith one way of settling the matter would be by a dispensation. It must have slipped your mind that, in such a case, no dispensation could be given.—H. R., OYENS, IOWA.

The editorial in regard to pre-nuptial promises in mixed marriages was unfortunately incorrectly worded. The writer did not wish to be understood as saying that a Protestant who had conscientious objections to making the usual promises demanded in mixed marriages would ever be allowed by the Church to enter such a marriage with no promises whatever. What the author meant was that in his case the Church would never force a man to enter marriage with a Catholic. In other words, the Church would not force the Protestant to change his mind, but if he refused to comply with the Church's terms there would be no marriage. The Church forbids mixed marriages, but for grave reasons she will dispense from the impediment, provided there will be no danger to the faith of the Catholic partner and children born of the marriage, which provision must always be safeguarded by both parties promising to have the children baptized and educated in the Catholic Church, the non-Catholic also guaranteeing to remove every danger of perversion to partner and children. These promises must be made ordinarily *in writing*, but for grave reasons they may be made *orally*. This was the mind of the writer of the editorial.

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THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE

(1) *Do Religion and Science conflict? (2) Does the Catholic Church believe in Evolution? If so, to what extent? (3) Nam: some of the leading Catholic scientists of this century. (4) What are the twenty recognized sciences of the world?—J. J. K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.*

(1) True religion and true science do not conflict, nor can they conflict, because truth is one and indivisible. True Religion and false Science conflict. False Religion and true Science conflict. False Religion and false Science can create a terrible conflict.

(2) Evolution is the shibboleth of modern thought. Just what is meant by the term is sometimes difficult to define. Scientists themselves do not agree as to what is meant by Evolution. The popular notion is that it is connected with the creation of man. Father Sullivan in *Fundamentals of Catholic Belief*, page 42, sums up the Catholic teaching on the creation of man: "What is the Church's stand upon Evolution? Let us take it up step by step. She teaches us, first of all, that which we know from reason: that man has a soul which is spiritual and immortal, and created directly by God. No Catholic can hold the evolution of the whole man from inferior animals, because the soul, being spiritual, cannot be evolved from an animal soul, but must be the result of a direct creative act of God. What about man's body? Did this evolve from lower forms of life, or was it always essentially as it is now? Was mankind brought into existence from brute ancestors by a process which turned a breed of animals into men? No. The Catholic Church basing her belief on the Scriptures, teaches us that the whole human race is descended from one pair of ancestors, Adam and Eve. No one who believes that the Bible is the word of God can hold that man came on earth by "tribal evolution" from inferior animals, and those who reject the Bible have proposed no real proof of such evolution. "What is the teaching of the Church regarding Adam's body? Was this originally the body of a superior kind of brute, a "sub-man," with an animal soul? Are we permitted to believe that God took this body and replaced its animal soul with a spiritual soul? No. The Catholic Church has a definite attitude towards this doctrine or conjecture, which has been put forward by certain writers. *She condemns it in its present state of evidence.* In other words, while such a method of creation is not absolutely impossible, our Church condemns the teaching of any such doctrine because she has no reasons for admitting the truth or even probability of such origin of the human race."

The Biblical Commission, which has been engaged for some years in the study and interpretation of the Scriptures, forbids any doubting about the particular and direct creation of man or the formation of the first woman from the first man, therefore, it denies the animal ancestry of man, and asserts his direct creation by God as narrated in Genesis. The Commission states that at the present time there is no evidence whatever to support the theory that the

body of our first father was derived directly or indirectly from that of any inferior animal. As regards the decrees of this Commission, a Catholic is not to teach anything opposed to them; and the Holy See has ruled that anyone who combats these decisions, either verbally or in writing, "incurs the note of disobedience and temerity, and thus becomes guilty of grave fault."

(3) Secchi, S. J., (astronomy); Pasteur, (medicine); Murphy, (surgery); Marconi, (wireless); Curie, (minerology); Abbot Mendel, Wasman, S. J., Bertram Windle, Canon Dorlodot, Dom O'Toole, O.S.B., (biology); Dom Moore, O.S.B., (psychology); Faber, (entomology); Cardinal Mercier, (philosophy-psychology.)

(4) Every true science and scientific discovery is recognized by reasonable men.

PERSONAL BRIEFS

T. M. V. N.: No special significance should be attached to the dream. It may have been caused by your reading. You ought to utilize it, however, to increase your devotion to the Passion of our Lord.

To A. S.: Tell the truth.

To M. M.: I am sorry that I cannot help you beyond advising you to make known your condition to a priest of your parish.

To Granwood: It is excessive and unjust. Consult your confessor.

To M. K.: Have the child baptized. Do not go with him. Your confessor will give you more detailed advice.

BURNING SCIENTISTS

(1) *Was there ever a time when it was not allowed to claim that the earth revolves around the sun? (2) Is it true that the first man who claimed that the earth revolved around the sun was burned at the stake? (3) Was it ever claimed that the sun revolved around the earth? If so, what proofs were given for this claim?—J. Z., LOS ANGELES, Cal.*

(1) Up to the year 1531 the teaching of scientists agreed with the common consent of mankind that the sun revolved around the earth. Copernicus, a priest, was the first one to advance the theory that the earth revolved around the sun.

(2) It is not. Copernicus, instead of being burned at the stake, was handsomely treated by Pope Paul III.

(3) The more common grounds for holding that the sun revolved around the earth up to the time when the theory of Copernicus was held as a demonstrated fact, were: The apparent proof furnished by the senses, (we speak even today of the rising and setting of the sun); the teaching astronomers previous to the time of Copernicus, Protestant as well as Catholic; the many passages of Holy Scripture which speak of the motions of the sun in relation to the earth, passages intended by the Sacred Writer to manifest things as they are perceived by the senses, not as they are apprehended by scientists.

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ASPIRANTS TO PRIESTHOOD

(1) *What age is required for admission into the missionary Orders? (2) What is the tuition? (3) About how old are Religious when they are ordained priests?*—M. M., LOWELL, Mass.

(1) Each Religious must have attained his sixteenth year before he can pronounce his first temporary vows, and twenty-one before he can take perpetual vows. Boys below sixteen are received into preparatory schools. The age of twenty-five is usually the limit in regard to the age of postulants.

(2) It varies with the different Orders. Deserving poor boys are educated free of charge.

(3) The average age is about twenty-eight.

COMMUNION AND THE BIBLE

(1) *Did the priest ever give wine to the people at Communion? If so, when did the practice cease, and why? (2) Is there any difference between the Catholic Bible and the Protestant Bible?*—J. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(1) From the first to the twelfth century Holy Communion was ordinarily received under the form, or species, of bread and wine. Sometimes it was given under the form of bread only, particularly to the sick and the martyrs.

The Church varied her laws in this matter to combat errors as they arose. In the fifth century, Pope Gelasius commanded the laity to receive under both forms in order to combat the heresy of the Manichians, who considered wine evil in itself. In 1418 Pope Martin V. approved the law enacted by the Council of Constance commanding the faithful to receive under the form of bread only. This precept was directed against the Hussites of Bohemia, who declared that the use of the chalice was absolutely necessary. As far back as the twelfth century, however, the custom arose of receiving Holy Communion under the form of bread only. From 1418 it became a general law.

There is nothing contrary to the intention of Christ in receiving His Body under the form of bread only for there is nothing against it in Holy Scripture. The practice of receiving under both forms co-existed with the use of one form only from early times. It is easy to understand the discipline of the Church when the doctrine of the Eucharist is explained. According to the Council of Trent "as much is contained under either species as under both; for Christ, whole and entire, exists under the species of bread, and under each particle of that species; and whole under the species of wine, and under its separate parts." The Eucharist is the living Christ; and as a living body is not without its blood, or living blood without a body, so Christ is received whole and entire under either form of bread and wine.

The reasons set forth by the Church for withholding the chalice from the laity were: the scarcity of pure wine in certain places, the inconvenience

of administering the chalice to a large number of people, the danger of irreverence through spilling the species, the repugnance of some to drink from the same chalice, and the danger of contagion.

(2) Before the rise of Protestantism in the sixteenth century the Bible was one and the same throughout the Christian world. But in the sixteenth century those who rebelled against the Church began to make their own translation of the Bible, and in doing so they corrupted the text to suit their peculiar tenets and left out parts which told against them. The Reformers rejected as uninspired seven whole books of the Old Testament, called the Deutero-Canonical Books, because they were not in the Jewish canon of Scripture. These books are: Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, I. and II. Machabees, and parts of Esther and Daniel. But the Catholic Church has defined them as divinely inspired.

JUST PLAIN LIES

The following statements are made in "The Soul of Abe Lincoln," by Bernie Babcock, which I have just finished reading: *The Pope recognized Jefferson Davis as president of the Confederacy. The South sent a company of Emerald Guards, dressed in green, and carrying the Confederate flag, on one side of which was a harp, encircled with shamrocks, and the words Erin-go-Bragh. John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abe Lincoln, was a Catholic. Also the Surratts, conspirators in the crime. John Surratt made his escape to Canada and later to Europe, where he was discovered two years later as one of the Pope's Swiss Guards. An order called the Knights of the Golden Circle, later changed to Sons of Liberty, was a Catholic organization.*—N. N., PANA, Ill.

The book is based almost entirely upon statements concerning Lincoln's attitude toward the Catholic Church, and the Church's supposed sympathy with the South, found in a book written by Chiniquy, an ex-priest. He was expelled from the Church because of his misbehavior. His one ambition subsequent to his expulsion was to blacken the name of his Mother. In order to effect this purpose he invented scores of lies about her, one of which was to identify the Church with the Confederacy, so as to turn the North against her. (It is well to remember that there were Catholics and Protestants on both sides.)

The charge that Pius IX. was favorable to the Confederacy and its president is an old lie which is resurrected in the service of intolerance. The late John Bigelow, a non-Catholic, and one time Secretary of New York State, disposed of the whole matter plainly and briefly in an interesting article published in *The North American Review* of October, 1895. The following statements are a summary of this article: Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin thought that the faltering loyalty of Missouri and Maryland could be saved for secession if the Pope could be induced to speak for the Confederacy,

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and also that the ardor of the Irish people of the North for the Union could be suppressed if an eloquent priest were sent to speak to the people in Ireland, hoping that the sympathy for the South thus aroused in Ireland itself would influence the Irish in the North. A certain Father Bannon was sent to Ireland, but he failed utterly to influence Irish sentiment against the North.

By gaining the Pope's favor the Confederate leaders fancied that not only the Catholics of the North, but also the Catholic powers of Europe, would sympathize with the South. The papal approbation was sought by Dudley Mann, an official of the Confederacy at London. At the audience Mr. Mann presented a letter to Pope Pius from Jefferson Davis. As it was written in English, a language which the Pope did not understand, the letter was translated for him, probably in a manner favorable to the South. The Pope said that he would write a letter in reply "of such a character that it may be published for general circulation." Mann, in a very enthusiastic letter to Benjamin concerning the audience, praised the Pope lavishly, but neither said nor hinted that Pius IX. approved the Confederacy. When the Pope's reply reached Mann, the latter wrote to Benjamin that it contained a "positive recognition of our Government," as it was addressed to the "President of the Confederate States." When Benjamin received a copy of the Pope's letter, he wrote to Mann scoring him severely, but politely, for the roseate view he had taken of the papal reply, telling him (Mann) that it was of no use to the Confederate cause; that it contained no recognition whatever of the Confederacy, and that the address "President of the Confederate States" was "a mere formula of politeness." Upon receipt of this answer from Benjamin, Mr. Bigelow says, "Mr. Mann disappeared from the Confederate stage, the Pope remaining unconverted and impenitent." This is the letter claimed by the enemies of the Church as a document recognizing the Confederate States.

It seems that there was an Irish Brigade in the Confederate Army with the type of banner you mention. What of it? There were Irish Catholics on both sides. They were patriotic to their ideals as they saw them. (This is a kind of boomerang on those who claim that the Pope recognized secession—since so many Irish Catholics despite that approbation (?) fought on the side of the North. Which would indicate that Catholics are not dictated to by a "foreign potentate.")

John Wilkes Booth came of a family of Anglicans. He was not a Catholic. He is buried in Greenmount, a non-sectarian cemetery in Baltimore.

The Suratts, it appears, were Catholics. Mrs. Suratt conducted a modest boarding house at which Booth occasionally lodged. Though she was executed as an accomplice by what has been called "a juridical murder," one of the witnesses whose testimony convicted her (Wieschman) repented just before her execution and declared that he would swear that Mrs. Suratt knew nothing of the conspiracy.

John Suratt did escape to Canada and then to Europe, where he found his way into the Papal Swiss Guards. But Chiniquy cleverly failed to state that Archbishop Hughes, of New York, found him there and informed the U. S. Government, which had him brought back for trial.

The Knights of the Golden Circle was a "copper-head" organization with which Catholics had nothing to do. Good Protestants were at the head of it, such as Wright, of New York, and Vallandigham, of Ohio (good Anglo-Saxon names.) The Sons of Liberty were also Protestant, and they are Protestant still, sometimes violently so.

THANKSGIVING

I wish to acknowledge a cure of a pain in the lung obtained through the application of St. Gabriel's oil.—A. C., Jersey City, N. J.

My nephew fell twenty-five feet and was not expected to live. I promised publication if our Lord would restore him to health, which He did.—H. A. L., Sunbury, Pa.

Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor which I received.—B. A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The inclosed is in thanksgiving for a special favor received through the intercession of St. Jude and St. Joseph.—L. M. K., Brookline, Mass.

I inclose my offering for a very special favor granted in an exceptionally short time. St. Jude was unknown to me up to three weeks ago, but I am his champion from now on, in things despaired of.—A. A. M., Dorchester, Mass.

My deepest thanks to St. Jude for a favor received during a novena in his honor. He sent speedy and visible relief in a case almost despaired of.—A. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I wish to acknowledge a great favor received through the intercession of St. Jude.—C. M. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The inclosed offering is in thanksgiving to St. Jude for two very special favors which I received through his intercession.—E. N., Monroe, Mich.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude for a favor which was of much consequence to my family and myself.—T. J. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The following have acknowledged favors through the intercession of St. Jude: J. L. T., Jersey City, N. J.; M. K. H., Hoboken, N. J.; G. M. C., White Plains, N. Y.; M. F. M., Bloomfield, N. J.; J. M. B., Mandarin, Fla.; T. H. K., Arlington, Mass.; M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.; M. E. V. N., New York, N. Y.; M. J. N., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. F., New York, N. Y.; W. J. Y., St. Joseph, Mo.; C. C., Brookline, Mass.; A. N. K., East Orange, N. J.; M. M., Corona, L. I.; P. L. D., and L. J. D., Malden, Mass.; D. O. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; O. M. W., Oneida, Ill.; A. R. Irwin, Ill.; H. K. B., Boston, Mass.; G. U. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. A. B., Long Island City, N. Y.; M. S. S., C. F. H., Chicago, Ill.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for June, 1927)

WE MUST continue to keep the intention of the Archconfraternity, "Our Missionaries in China." Our priests and nuns are in a most critical and dangerous plight. God alone can help them. We must implore Him to do so, and we ask you to multiply your prayers in their behalf.

LAY APOSTOLATE

During the past two months we have seen that in order to bring someone into the Church we must know our Faith and somewhat of the method of bringing others to that Faith. In knowing how to bring someone into the Church, we must understand not only our own position but his position and his religious beliefs. Then only shall we be able to meet prospective converts understandingly and sympathetically.

We have tried to prove that Christ as God established the Catholic Church and that

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ALONE

1. Comes down from Jesus Christ.
2. Is ruled by the successors of the Apostles.
3. Teaches the things they taught.
4. Has Christ Himself living on her altars.

Whereas, OTHER CHURCHES

1. Do not come down from Jesus Christ by at least 1,500 years.
2. Are not ruled by the successors of the Apostles.
3. Do not teach what they taught.
4. Do not have Christ Himself living with them.

We must remember, however, that we are not concerned so much with Protestantism as a religious system or with any Protestant denomination. Our attack today must be directed against the one great idea which lies at the root of all Protestantism and which infects the minds of all those outside the Church, the belief in *religious independence*, the conviction that each of us may be "good in our own way," independently of all religious authority, of all religious dictation by priest or prophet, and at the same time may be perfectly sure that we are being good in God's own way.

This idea is proven wrong by reason itself, which tells us that if there is a God at all, He

must want to be served, not in any way we choose, but in the one way that He chooses.

It is proven wrong by the revealed, historical dealings of God with His children, for in both the Old and New Testaments we see God dictating their manner of service to His people through His chosen and accredited representatives.

It is proven wrong by practical experience, which shows that man, being good in his own way, inevitably reverts to paganism and barbarism, "the same rehearsal of the past: wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism,—at last."

THE MODERN world, as all historians admit, owes whatever civilization and culture it possesses to the Catholic Church, which humanized, civilized and Christianized Europe. But Europe emerged from her old paganism and barbarism into the brightness of Christian civilization of the late Middle Ages only under the religious authority of the Church that Christ Himself instituted, and of whom He said, "He that hears you, hears Me." And the modern world is going back to the old pagan ways simply because it has gotten away from this spiritual authority and is being good in its own way, instead of in the way of Jesus Christ.

Men boast that they do not look upon any man as speaking to them in the name of God, that God speaks to them directly through their own conscience; but it is notorious that men's consciences are easily silenced or led astray when left to self-direction, while the almost infinite variety of moral codes followed by such men prove that God cannot be the director of their consciences; and it is quite as well known to those who know anything of religious history that God has always spoken to men through His own chosen representatives, telling men what they should do for Him.

If the Pope and bishops and priests of the Catholic Church were giving us their own opinions, it would be ridiculous for us to look upon them as speaking to us in God's name; but when we find that they are teaching simply what the apostles taught and are, at the same time, their direct and lawful descendants, it behooves us to listen to them as to Christ Himself.

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Being good in our own way, then, means paganism, eventually. That paganism may yet be hidden under many Christian teachings and practices which cannot so easily be shaken off; but it will show itself more clearly as time goes on, and as the beliefs of Christianity are discarded.

Thus, as the great Lacordaire predicted, Catholicism and paganism will once more confront one another as so often before; and we must try to bring those outside the Faith to realize that sooner or later they must make a choice between the two, a choice that will involve not only themselves, but their children and their children's children as well. They must *go back to the faith of their fathers, Catholicism, or return to paganism.*

NOW, AFTER examining a few principal classes of objections brought against the Church, we shall be ready to take up the manner of actively working with prospective converts.

1. The first class of attacks made against the Church is directed upon Catholics themselves as persons, whether brought to bear upon ecclesiastics or lay Catholics, and whether these Catholics lived in the past or in the present.

This kind of attack may be ignored as worthless, even if the charges are true, for they prove nothing against the Church herself. If there have been and are bad Catholics, they must admit that they *are* bad, not because of the Church, but in spite of her. The Church must have this human side to her history, because she is made up of human beings, not angels; and this human side is much more manifest to the world than the divine side, because evil always makes far more noise than good, and one bad priest or nun will have headlines in the newspapers, while hundreds spending themselves in schools and church and hospital are never known to the world. But the Church will always, like a true mother, hold on even to her erring children to save them.

Finally, there was a Judas among the apostles, but just as the other apostles clung to Christ in spite of Judas, so will we cling to Him Who dwells among us, even though there be bad Catholics.

2. The second class of objections against the Church is directed against Catholic teachings as unreasonable or childish.

This class of objections, without going into any particular teaching here, may also be proven untrue from the fact that, if true, it would convict one-fifth of the world today of childishness.

These teachings have been studied for nineteen centuries by the keenest intellects of mankind; and the more they are studied, the more reasonable they appear. As the scientist Pasteur remarked: "The more I know, the simpler my Catholic Faith becomes." In a world that is constantly changing, these truths have stood unchanging for 1900 years, while every year sees thousands of the best educated men and women coming back to the Faith, led by the utter reasonableness of her teachings. If her doctrines seem unreasonable, it is simply because we do not understand just what the Church means by these teachings.

3. The third class of objections is directed against her practices as too difficult to perform.

That we have hard things to do as Catholics only proves that we are following Him Who said, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." It is hard to fast, to pray, to go to confession, to keep the Commandments, etc.; but in doing hard things for Him Who did such hard things for love of us, even to dying on the Cross, He Himself helps to make them easy, "My yoke is sweet and My burden light." And those who do the hardest things for Him are happiest even in this world, and have a peace the world knows nothing of, but which makes all its pleasures seem empty in comparison.

4. The last objection heard so much today is that the Church teaches us to be unpatriotic.

After the late war such a charge proves either ignorance or bigotry. There, Catholics of every nation fought against one another, second to none others in bravery and patriotism. Why? Because the Church teaches us that patriotism is a solemn, religious duty. Our own record in this country is our best answer to such a charge. Indeed, as men like Mark Hanna and Justice Brewster, not of our Faith, predicted, the Church stands today as the great bulwark against the two great evils threatening our nation. Those two evils are lawlessness and immorality. The Church stands against the former, because she teaches that disobedience to civil authority is disobedience to God. She stands against the latter because she insists on personal purity and purity in family life. As Dr. Kinsman, recently Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, remarked on coming into the Church, "One great reason was that I saw the Catholic Church to be the only bulwark against the evils of divorce and birth control threatening to destroy our country."

"I Am For It"

What an Intrigued Soul Personally Discovered

MY CURIOUS and inquisitive nature has been intrigued for a long time by the occasional mention in one way or another of "week-end retreats for men." Sometimes I saw little printed notices in Catholic papers or heard my acquaintances talking about them. So I went about asking questions concerning retreats.

I wanted to know what one does when retreating; how it feels to retreat; what kind of people go on retreats; what does one get out of it?

An acquaintance who had been on a retreat, told me that he felt much benefited, but when pressed for details, he was rather vague. In truth, I did not find out much by asking questions, so I decided to become a retreatant myself and get some first-hand and authentic information.

It occurs to me that others may be interested in my experiences, so I will set down, as accurately as I can, my impressions after attending a retreat.

A slight acquaintance with the Retreat-Director of St. Ann's Monastery in Scranton led me to ask him to communicate with me and tell me of the next retreat suitable for a man in my condition of servitude. Then an exchange of telegrams and a three-hour journey on the Lackawanna Railroad brought me late one Friday afternoon to the door of St. Ann's Monastery ready to go on my first retreat.

Fortunately I was the first one of a good two dozen to arrive. This gave me opportunity to learn something of the personality of the Retreat-Director. He is a man's man—no mistake

about that. He can intelligently discuss the sporting events of the week-end and relate many a colorful tale of his encounters with some of the local characters. One instinctively feels that he can be trusted. He would be a good fellow to go hunting or fishing with. His company does not grow tiresome. He wears well.

FOR the information of those interested in laymen's week-end Retreats we herewith print the names and addresses of the Passionist Monasteries wherein these Retreats are regularly held:

ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY,
CARSON STATION, S. S.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ST. GABRIEL'S MONASTERY,
159 WASHINGTON ST.,
BRIGHTON, MASS.

PASSIONIST MONASTERY,
MONASTERY HEIGHTS,
W. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

PASSIONIST MONASTERY,
178TH ST. & HILLSIDE AVE.,
JAMAICA, L. I.

ST. ANN'S MONASTERY,
SCRANTON, PA.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE,
DUNKIRK, N. Y.
(July and August only)

Address, at any of above,
THE REV. RETREAT-DIRECTOR.

ABOUT six o'clock my fellow-retreatants began to arrive in twos and threes, and presently we were all gathered about the refectory table for supper.

Much interested to observe the type of men who were making the retreat I expected to find myself among a score of gray beards. To my surprise, however, there were but two or three as old as myself (and I am loath to admit that I am not a young fellow.) Four of the number were ex-soldiers of the World War now plying peaceful trades or selling merchandise. A few were railroaders. The remainder were builders, merchants and nondescript business men.

From conversation with one who had attended a previous retreat I learned that sometimes the list of entries presents a surprise or two. For instance last Autumn one was a Jew and two others were Protestants. Occasionally one

whose sporting proclivities have won recognition in the ring spends a week-end here. All who come are made welcome and each shares in the benefits in proportion to his individual capacity.

A brief interval of recreation followed supper, after which we were conducted to a chapel in the monastery for a conference by the Retreat-Mas-

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ter. In other words, we listened to the good man talk helpfully about the enduring truths of life.

AS THE interior of the chapel is somewhat unusual and specially adapted to the devotions of the Passionists, a description may not be amiss.

On a raised platform at one end of a rectangular room, about forty feet long and perhaps twenty-five feet wide, is the altar, simple in design, free from excessive ornament, but pleasing to the eye. The smooth oaken floor has no transverse arrangements of benches as is used in churches and chapels, but, instead, along three sides is constructed a double row of seats—the rear row being raised about two feet above the front row. Both are boxed in and paneled in such a manner that when the occupants are sitting or kneeling only their heads and shoulders are visible. If there be any specific name for this style of monastery furniture, it is unknown to me. Please understand that this leaves the central part of the floor quite clear except for one chair and a table on which stand a crucifix and reading lamp.

No one was in the chapel but the Retreat-Master and the retreatants. As soon as we were all seated the window shades were drawn, although it was night, all lights were extinguished except the little table lamp which threw a slender shaft of light athwart the figure of the priest seated by the table. The darkness was like black velvet. I could not discern even the outline of my seat-mate. I could see only the face and one hand of the speaker—his black cloak offering no contrast to the encircling gloom. A few seconds elapsed in silence so intense that I began to suspect that I had been suddenly stricken deaf. Distraction was impossible.

The Retreat-Master then began to talk quietly about Christ's love for mankind—no, rather, His love for the twenty-four in that darkened room. As he talked his body moved to and fro and once the dim light from the little lamp caused the shadow of the crucifix to fall across his face, as if to show by antithesis the sacrifice that attended Christ's love for men.

It was like listening to the voice of an eloquent conscience. There were numerous pauses long enough to permit one to think and resolve. How long we remained there I cannot say (one does not count time during a retreat) but it did not seem long.

When the conference was over the lights were restored and presently preparations for Benediction were under way. Forty young students preparing for Holy Orders filed in and took places

in the rear of ours on all three sides of the chapel. It is needless to describe the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, all are familiar with that devotion, but I must mention the singing by ten of the students—the mellowest male chorus I have ever heard. The climax, however, consisted in a solo by one young silver-throated student who sang, as the Sacrament was being restored to the tabernacle, "Good Night, Sweet Jesus." I cannot better describe the feeling that came over me than to quote a stanza from our beloved Longfellow:

A feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Throughout the following days there were frequent periods of recreation or silent contemplation, as one preferred. My fellow-retreatants seemed to choose the former; consequently there was ample opportunity to get acquainted with one another. I heard some good stories and learned something about the other fellows, and, in a few cases, why they were there.

We arose each morning at six o'clock and attended Mass at half past the hour. To me, who am accustomed to crowd all of the day's preliminaries into a surprisingly brief period, it seemed quite a long wait for breakfast at seven-thirty. But if our appetites were whetted, they were soon satisfied by the generous portions of delicious foods which presently came steaming from the kitchen.

All through the day our Retreat-Master suggested occupations for us, usually of a spiritual nature, and yet there was no feeling of being crowded beyond one's capacity.

I PREFER not to tire my readers with further detailed descriptions of the day's routine. The routine was not in itself monotonous, but my account of it might easily be. The thought that I want to impress on all who have any interest in my narrative is this: The Retreat-Director, aided by his visible and invisible associates, contrived to make each one of the twenty-four retreatants physically comfortable, entirely freed them from all mundane responsibilities, cut the wires connecting them with the outside world, induced them all to indulge in a little introspection, and gave them something to think about.

I came away feeling mentally and physically rested and spiritually refreshed.

I am for it.

Calvary: *Eleventh Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

ALGOtha, the place of the skull, called in Latin *Calvaria*, was a slight eminence of rocky ground, about fifteen feet high. It rose a bare surface, amid surrounding gardens, just outside the city wall at its northwestern corner.

Near this fortified wall curving to the south was the ancient gate, or Gate of Judgment, through which Jesus Christ passed on His way to be crucified. Several roads from the country here converge, so that the spot met the requirements of Roman law that executions should be carried out in a conspicuous and frequented place, and the prescription of Jewish law that executions should take place outside the city.

The inspired writers give us no details as to how our Lord was crucified. They simply state the fact, because those for whom they wrote were well acquainted with the customary method. For us, while reverence forbids any attempt at realism, it does not forbid our gathering from merely human documents what probably took place.

Although it was to the Sanhedrists that Pilate "delivered Him" and they also "led Him out," the sentence was actually carried out by a company of Roman soldiers. It is, then, to Roman law and custom that we must look for correct information. Crucifixion had its origin in Persia and Assyria, whence it passed to Egypt, and was afterwards adopted by Greece and Rome.

In countries where crucifixions were frequent the upright beam was a permanent structure; the

By PLACID WAREING, C.P.

condemned was fastened by cords to the transverse, and were then raised to due position, when the hands and feet were nailed to the wood. The victims were not raised much above the ground—for usually their bodies were left to be devoured by wild beasts. But crucifixion was unknown to Jewish law, and

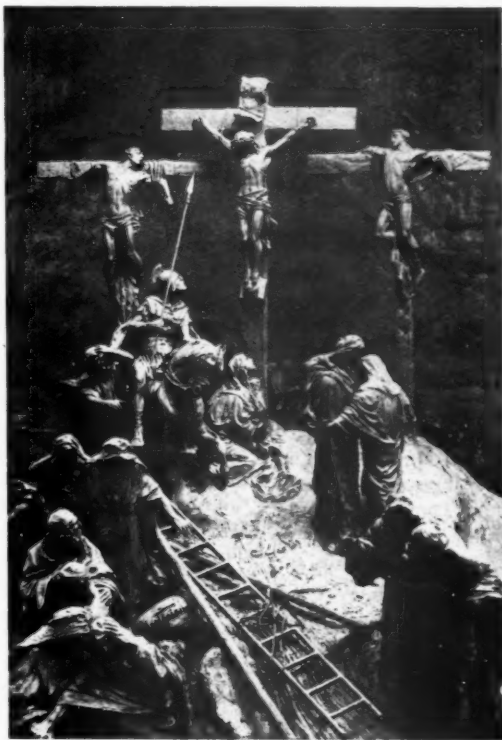
consequently was rare in Palestine.

We know for certain that our Lord carried His cross, as probably the thieves carried theirs. These were of pine wood, and of equal size, about sixteen feet by eight. From the title being fixed over His head, our Lord's cross must have been in the form familiar to us. There is no reliable authority for any rest-piece for the feet: the first who speaks of such is Gregory of Tours (A.D. 539-595.)

There was always a wooden spike or stake protruding from the middle of the cross, upon which the condemned partly sat, and which was strong enough to sustain the weight of the body and prevented the hands being torn from the nails and the body

slipping to the ground. This custom is mentioned by the ancient Fathers, St. Justin the Apologist and Tertullian, who must have known, because they lived at a time when crucifixions were quite frequent.

ACKNOWLEDGED custom makes it probable that our Lord's cross was first fixed firmly in place, then His sacred body was raised by ropes, and the arms tied securely to the transverse beam,



THE CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH OF CHRIST
Three were crucified on Mt. Calvary: Christ in the midst and a thief on either side.

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CHRIST IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

and, finally, the nails driven through hands and feet. Four nails were used. Four were found by St. Helen hidden near the Tomb. It would have been very difficult to find a nail long enough to transpierce both feet and still more difficult to get the two feet into such position. The nails were of iron, about six inches long, and had, for heads, bell-shaped caps to which the upper part of the nail was riveted.

THERE is ample evidence for the loin cloth wrapped round the body. Our Lord wore the crown of thorns: it was part of the Romans' contempt for the Jews. And over His head was the title or inscription. According to law, the name and crimes of the condemned were inscribed in red or black letters on a board painted white. This was carried before them on the way to execution, and then placed over their heads if they were crucified, or at their side, if they suffered some other form of death sentence. In our Lord's case Pilate himself had written the inscription, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS. This was in large red letters, slightly indented as if inscribed by a chisel; it ran from right to left, and was expressed in three lan-

guages: the top line in Aramaic, the vernacular of Palestine, that the populace might read it; the middle line in Greek, for the strangers from distant countries, and the bottom line in Latin, the official language.

FROM THE sixth hour till the ninth, that is, from mid-day till three in the afternoon, there is darkness over the earth, or at least over Judea and the neighboring countries, yet not so dense as to obscure all view, but sudden and strange, so as to lay fear and consternation on men's hearts. The three crosses facing southward, on the verge of the slight rocky eminence, and each holding up to men's gaze the death agony of its victims, are clearly seen.

The faces of the crowd, ranged in a half circle from city gate and walls, show the varied feelings that are swaying their hearts.

At a little distance on one side—a gleam of brightness in the gloom—appear the Sanhedrists, princes of the people, ancients and priests, in rich costume, and seated on white mules with finest harness and trappings, calmly waiting the completing of the sentence wrought by their malice.

Looking on, at first afar off, but gradually drawing near, are "many women who have followed Him from Galilee ministering unto Him," faithful in love to the end. With them is His Mother. They keep close together, a marked group, their faces veiled by the white linen of their head-dress. Not far from them were a few friends, amongst whom is the Beloved Disciple. The centurion and his guard stand by in perfect discipline. The executioners are putting away the ladders, ropes, hammers and other implements; some are resting, surveying their terrible work, or removing stains of blood.

Then a crowd gathers in front of the little eminence, looking up at the drooping, thorn-crowned head beneath the mock title, and wagging their heads: "Vah, Thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it; save Thy own self: if Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Then a movement among the Sanhedrists, and a ripple of laughter as they remark to each other: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him." Some of the executioners join in the chorus of hate, offering Him in derision a bowl of the commonest wine, "If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself." The thief on His left hand is heard: "If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us."

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Nor is Christ upon the cross silent. He does not indeed answer the scoffers, for He is Christ, the Anointed. Therefore as Prophet He has just foretold the coming ruin of Jerusalem, as Priest He has prayed for the forgiveness of all who have crucified Him, as King He now gives to the thief on His right a place in His Kingdom: "Today thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

IN THE meantime, the soldiers claim their perquisites. They sit down, beneath His sad gaze watching them, to examine what they have: His *kufieh*, or head-dress, with its fastening cord, His cloak of dark cloth, His leathern girdle, His sandals and His tunic. They make four bundles, dividing the cloak into four parts. But finding that the tunic, instead of having a seam at each side, was woven throughout of one piece by some skilful hand, they cast lots for it.

Then there is nothing more to do but keep watch till death comes. And now His friends are permitted to draw near Him. The bowed head is raised, but painfully on account of the thorns, and is turned slowly due to His weakness; the eyes search for a moment, then fix themselves lovingly on the Mother and the Beloved Disciple, and she hears in the voice whose cords though breaking in death are still sweet music to her, that she is to take John for her son, and he is to care for her as his mother. There is no need for answer, because "heart is speaking to heart."

A long silence ensues of nearly three hours. The hush grows deeper, the gloom denser, the fear on men's hearts heavier. Many leave, and return to the city beating their breasts. The soul of our Lord, as victim for the human race, passes again into the sea of sorrows and the agony of Gethsemani. At length a cry from Him pierces the darkness and reveals the mystery of His anguish: *Eli, Eli, Lamma, Sabachthani?* (My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?) His soul has touched the deepest depth of human sorrow in sense of abandonment by God. We hear the lament in the very words He uttered that we may understand the sequel. *Eli*, the most ancient, and, in earlier ages, the universal name for the one true God among all Semetic peoples, is so like in sound to the name of the famous prophet of Israel, that some of the bystanders, either imperfectly hearing or maliciously perverting, exclaimed: "This man called Elias." But immediately another cry arrested their attention, wrung from Him by the most bitter pangs of bodily suffering: "I thirst." Hearing it, one



CRUCIFYING THE SON OF GOD

of the soldiers takes a sponge—such as was used by the executioners to wipe the blood from their hands and garments—and dipping it in a vase of their thin, sour wine, called vinegar, fastens it by the aid of flexible branches of some plant growing near, to the top of a reed. While he is doing this some cry to him to desist, and wait to see if Elias will come. But He persists, apparently joining in the exclamations that perhaps Elias will come. Our Lord having tasted the vinegar says: "It is finished."

EVERYTHING that He came to earth to do is done and all prophecy is fulfilled. And then, in a strong and clear voice He commends His soul to His Father: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." A moment later there is heard from Him "a loud cry," to show that death is not conquering Him or overtaking Him, but that He lays down His life of His own free will. Himself speeds forth His soul from its house of Adam's dust, and the onlookers, friend and foe, see how the tender stillness of death rests upon the white and mangled frame hanging by nails from a cross.

The Chinese Story-Teller

The Raconteur and His Audience

CHANGSHA, or the City of Long Sands, an important port of the province of Hunan, China, proudly boasts of a Bund or foreshore. It is here, fronting the depressingly muddy Siang river, that most of the leading European business firms (better known by the native designation of "Hongs") have their office buildings.

In most of the treaty ports of China enterprising Europeans have turned the water fronts into semi-gardens where grassy swards are guarded by trees, and where at the close of day, especially during the warm weather, people are wont to wander in search of elusive breezes.

To give the Changsha waterfront the dignified title of a Bund is to confer on it an honor entirely unmerited. There are no trees anywhere, not a blade of kindly grass, and the ground is not even level! It is merely a mud heap, a sort of happy hunting ground for mangy dogs, a place where great black pigs of suprising ugliness accompanied by little piglets perform porkish antics, where wharf coolies pass backwards and forwards loading or unloading ships and junks. At all times of the day it is a crowded spot with hordes of humanity (mostly unwashed!) pursuing their labors. Others there are who merely peregrinate in search of amusement or distraction when the toil of the day is over. At all times the Bund is somewhat like a Fair ground. Itinerant musicians, jugglers, conjurers, acrobats, fortune-tellers are all sure of finding an audience. Vendors of sticky cakes, fruit, peanuts, cloth, buttons, scissors and thread are not far behind in securing customers.

Just near the side of our Hong, where there is a sort of natural platform of rising ground formed by many months' accumulation of garbage and ashes, the Chinese story-teller or "*chiang-ping-ti*" usually takes his stand. His favorite hour seems to be about five-thirty or six o'clock in the evening.

Tall, thin to emaciation, and with lank black hair falling to his shoulders from beneath a greasy-looking black skull cap, he at once attracts attention. His long grey gown and short black jacket have seen better days. The general appearance of unkemptness, the unhealthy pallor

BY WINIFRED A. FEELY

of the skin, the sunken eyes with dark shadows encircling them are but a few of the indications that suggest to experienced eyes, an opium smoker.

Round about him gather the old and young. Since most of them are sadly illiterate they regard him as a historian able to supply them with visions of past deeds of heroism, and tales of dynastic struggles in the bygone ages which would otherwise be lost in oblivion. Thus have the story-tellers in China earned the name of "Narrators of Ancient Things."

It is not long before the crowd has assumed proportions that are the envy of other public entertainers who, in spite of all their counter attractions, do not seem able to lure the people in such large numbers.

Cotton-clad peasants and boatwomen with solemn-eyed babies in their arms, ragged urchins, vendors homeward bound with baskets gratifyingly empty, gaily-dressed light o' loves with their imitation jewelry and the paper flowers making a splash of color against the sleek blackness of their oiled tresses, students with tortoiseshell rimmed glasses which they fancy impart to them that much coveted look of intellectuality, well dressed merchants who do not seem to mind rubbing shoulders with dirty and sweating coolies, Southern soldiers in green uniforms . . . these are but a few of the types attracted by the story-teller. Even the native policeman who is supposed to be patrolling outside our office building, leaves his beat. With hands in his pockets he saunters over to join that eager throng.

WITH NO preliminary address, merely clearing his throat in the truly Oriental manner and displaying a remarkably good eye for distance, this peddler of dreams and fancies, commences to enthral his listeners.

Each evening that he comes, he has a new tale or two to tell. Sometimes he tells of the thrilling adventures of a youth in search of fortune, at other times his theme deals with love of exquisite tenderness. Tales there are of filial piety and devotion; legends of China's past glories; stories of heroes, of lucky omens, of the ever-watchful and jealous gods; narratives of dynastic

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struggles and the building up of the Middle Kingdom; stories of warriors, of scholars, with now and again delightfully fantastic accounts of the coming of the white barbarian to China and the doings of these unaccountably strange devils. He brings them forth from his never-ending store, a brave display indeed.

Like a wizard of old he conjures up wonderful pictures to dazzle the eyes of all around him. With magic cunning he transports his hearers from the drab world of reality to the rainbow realms of make-believe.

HIS is the blessed gift of eloquence coupled with a rare and restrained dramatic art. For hours he holds the attention of those he entertains. Absolutely silent, hardly fidgetting, they stand there drinking in his words and their eyes and mouths are wide open with wonderment!

It is not difficult to tell when the end of the entertainment looms in sight. Numbers of the listeners slip away just before the end so that

they will not be called upon to contribute anything in payment for those golden hours. It is ever thus in China. . . .the story-teller sees them go but makes not the slightest sign.

When his tales are done, he places his greasy skull cap on the ground and with an impassive face and a strange dignity of demeanor, he watches the coppers shower into it. No doubt he is thankful that there are a few grateful people left in his world.

The throng scatters. . . .he gathers up the money, counting it as he does so. It seems small payment for the time he has spent in bringing color and romance into dull lives but he seems satisfied and so moves off.

Whither he goes I know not, but I shall not be far wrong if I hazard a guess that his ultimate destination is an opium den. There he will stretch himself on a couch with the coveted opium pipe which brings strange dreams and then . . . forgetfulness!

Lindbergh's Mother and Another

IT is not surprising that next to Capt. Lindbergh the person who attracts the most attention is his mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh. No sooner had news of her son's landing in Paris reached this country than telegrams and cablegrams and telephone calls were sent to Mrs. Lindbergh, congratulating her on the success of her gallant son's epochal flight. But enthusiasm was not limited to mere well-wishing. Substantial offers followed hard upon gracious words. Officials of the French Transatlantic Line agreed to take the mother of Lindbergh to and from France gratis, in order to allow her to return to the United States with her "Charlie". The U. S. Lines made her a similar offer. The President of France shook the hero's hand warmly, and after kissing him on both cheeks *a la mode*, smiled into his honest and open face and said: "How proud your mother must be of you! I want to give you a message for her and please do not forget to give it to her".

Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh is joined to her hero son in the universal jubilation over his stupendous non-stop flight from New York City to Paris. Why? Because she is his mother.

What more natural? And what more natural than that that other Mother who bore Him in her bosom, and laid Him in a manger, and lived

with Him for thirty-three years, sharing His poverty and humiliation; the Mother who stood at the foot of His cross when He breathed forth His soul,—what more natural than to join our worship of the Son with the praises of the Mother? Jesus is Mary's son! She is "blessed among women"; God's fairest creature; "our tainted nature's solitary boast!" Catholics have been congratulating Mary ever since Our Savior, and her Son, ascended into heaven from Mount Olivet. They have offered their lives to God through her. They have promised her to reform their lives for her Son's sake. They have gone like little children to the Mother of Him Who is God of all, and asked her to obtain pardon and salvation of Him for their sinful souls.

HOWEVER, the very practice which is so natural and spontaneous in regard to Mrs. Lindbergh is misunderstood and reprobated even by those who claim to love Christ, when there is question of our Catholic devotion to Mary. When will the world learn to see things straight? When will it come down from its sycamore tree of rigid regard for the "rights of Almighty God" and have the spirit of child-like humility, which will enable it to see the sweet reasonableness of the Catholic devotion to Our Blessed Lady?—A. L.



GOD CREATED MAN TO HIS OWN IMAGE; TO THE IMAGE OF GOD HE CREATED HIM:
MALE AND FEMALE HE CREATED THEM

The Seven Days

*As Recorded in the First Two Chapters of Genesis**

[THE FIRST DAY]

IN THE beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was void and empty and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters. And God said: 'Be light made.' And light was made. And God saw the light that it was good; and He divided the light from the darkness. And He called the light Day and the darkness Night.

[THE SECOND DAY]

AND GOD SAID: 'Let there be a firmament made amidst the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters.' And God made a firmament, and divided the waters that were under the firmament from those that were above the firmament, and so it was. And God called the firmament Heaven.

[THE THIRD DAY]

GOD ALSO SAID: 'Let the waters that are under the heaven be gathered together into one place; and let the dry land appear.' And so it was done. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters, He called Seas . . . And He said: 'Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth.' And it was so done.

[THE FOURTH DAY]

AND GOD SAID: 'Let there be lights made in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years' . . . And God made two great lights: a greater light to rule the day; and a lesser light to rule the night; and the stars. And He set them in the firmament of heaven to shine upon the earth.

*GENESIS, meaning Generation, is the first part of the Holy Bible—a book which, for interesting and instructive reading, has never been surpassed. It should be in every Catholic home. A large Bible, beautifully bound in leather, will be sent by THE SIGN to any address for \$4.25.

[THE FIFTH DAY]

GOD ALSO SAID: 'Let the waters bring forth the creeping creature having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth and under the firmament of heaven.' And God created the great whales, and every living and moving creature which the waters brought forth, according to their kinds, and every winged fowl . . . And He blessed them, saying: 'Increase and multiply, and fill the waters of the sea; and let the birds be multiplied upon the earth.'

[THE SIXTH DAY]

AND GOD made the beasts of the earth, according to their kinds, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth after its kind . . . And He said: 'Let us make man to Our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every living creature that moveth upon the earth.'

And God created man to His own image; to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them. And God blessed them, saying: 'Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth.'

And God said: 'Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat; and to all beasts of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to all that move upon the earth, and wherein there is life, that they may have to feed upon.'

And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were all very good.

[THE SEVENTH DAY]

SO THE heavens and the earth were finished, and all the furniture of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made and He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had done. And He blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made.

Woman Leadership *The Civic Obligations of Catholic Women*

BY A. J. REILLY

intelligent and active interest in national affairs.

THE MANY popular periodicals which cater to the wants and needs of the feminine portion of our vast population seem to be practically unanimous in their oft-expressed belief that American women in general have manifested little interest in public affairs or political conditions since the extension to them of the privilege of suffrage and the opening of public offices in both state and nation to them. If this charge of negligence of public duty is true of the average American woman it is particularly true of the Catholic woman who would seem to believe there is something dishonorable about taking active part in public affairs or in holding public office, to judge from her attitude of indifference and aloofness.

The American who has been brought up with the idea that American women are not only the best dressed but the most progressive, independent and active in business, professional, and political affairs is forced to ask "How do they get that way?" after observing the intelligent part taken by women in public affairs in those countries we have been wont to describe as "backward."

It is astonishing and not a little humiliating to discover that the mantilla-draped *senorita* of Spain has a far more intelligent grasp upon national affairs than her counterpart in progressive America; to learn that Lithuania, that country whose existence was disclosed to the world only through the great war, has appointed a woman to represent its interests in the Secretariat of the League of Nations; that a woman represents Rumania in the League; that Ireland has elected more women to its parliament than the most progressive state in the United States, more than have ever been elected to the Congress of the United States; that Denmark has a woman member of the national Cabinet. What a furore would follow the selection of a woman member of the next presidential Cabinet! Among the greater powers Great Britain has three women members of Parliament and one in the Ministry. In Germany where, we have been assured, women are always under the thumb of the men, thirty-three women sit in the Reichstag, and there are women members on the foreign relations committee, and women in the Ministry. Everywhere in Europe women are taking an

But is Europe any better off for this activity on the part of women? There is no one at this time foolish enough to assert that the presence of women in public office or at the polls on election day will bring about the millenium. But, likewise, there is no one foolish enough to contend that the nations of the world do not need the feminine point of view in their conduct of public affairs. Any student of history knows that in past ages women were always active in national affairs, often standing high in the councils of state. With the introduction of limited suffrage, woman lost her place in public life for at the beginning suffrage was sharply restricted to a certain class of male citizens in practically all countries. In taking their place in public life since these restrictions have been quite generally removed women are not taking a new but resuming an old rôle.

That the resumption of this rôle will eventually work for the good of mankind can not be doubted. Woman's influence for good in public as well as private life has been acknowledged by the greatest minds of all the ages. We have but to consult the masterpieces of literature to learn the place conceded to women even among the pagans and undoubtedly literary masterpieces express the best thought of the greatest minds, else they would not be masterpieces. Consider Dante's conception of women in his great work, Chaucer's Legend of Good Women, Shakespeare's heroines, to mention but a few of the world's great masters.

CATHOLIC women are not justified in refusing to make Catholic thought and Catholic principle a vital force in public life by taking active part in civic affairs. The practical Catholic woman brings to bear upon the grave questions of the day the accumulated wisdom and experience of the ages stored up in the writings and the teachings of that great Church of which she is a member and which has been occupied for nearly two thousand years with the adjusting of human relations and the tempering of man's inhumanity to man. By her presence she will add the leaven of charity and justice to the extremes of thought agitating public questions today. And there is

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not a problem confronting the nation that does not vitally affect every woman in the land, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, and every American woman should be alive to these questions and give the best thought that is in her to their intelligent consideration.

A FEW women, it is true, have stepped into positions of leadership here and there, but they are the lone pioneers forgotten or disregarded by their countrywomen. But Catholic women have held back heedless of the call for women leaders of intelligence, sanity, and balance and in so doing have failed their country and the children of the country. On all sides is heard the cry against the non-religious schools where a great majority of Catholic children must receive their education during the most impressionable years of their lives. Educators are hopelessly wrestling with the problem. They assert we must have God in the lives of our young children to prevent them from becoming criminals; but how are we to bring God to them? There are thousands of Catholic young women employed as teachers in the public schools of the country and yet how few of them have attained positions of leadership in that vast system of which they are a part. They have a solution for the problem for down through the ages their Church has struggled with the problem of the education of youth and has acquired much of wisdom and of experience the application of which at this time would go far toward a solution of our American education problem. But Catholic women lack the interest to study the subject and thus fail to take their place as leaders in our public education.

The movement, quite general throughout this and other countries, toward easier divorce laws challenges the attention of all serious observers of the trend of public thought. This is a question which directly affects the happiness and welfare of helpless and innocent children and through them the welfare and very existence of the nation. Recently one of our popular periodicals carried an article on Sweden's solution of the divorce problem, which was found, apparently, in making possible and legal divorce by mutual consent. It was quick, efficient, and secret and "to turn from such conditions (as exist in the United States) to those prevailing in Sweden under the new law is refreshing indeed." Undoubtedly our divorce laws need to be sifted. Sooner or later the individual commonwealths will be called upon to revise their divorce laws either along the lines followed by Sweden or along the lines dictated by Christianity; to decide whether marriage is an

ordinary business agreement or of a sacramental character. Club women throughout the country are expressing their views on this subject in various ways but there are no women leaders to give effective public utterance to Catholic thought on this question which is of such vital importance to the life of the nation. But, my readers will contend, that is an absurd statement. The whole world knows Catholic teaching upon the inviolability of the marriage contract. The divorce question can never touch Catholic citizens. It is true the public has a general idea of Catholic teaching upon this subject but when it sees Catholics, themselves, patronizing the divorce courts it does not differentiate between Catholic citizens and others. And it can not be denied that the divorce contagion is spreading among Catholics. In a small eastern town with a Catholic parish of less than a thousand souls five Catholic couples have resorted to the divorce courts in as many years, received their decree of divorce with the privilege of remarriage, and promptly took advantage of the privilege!

The problem of juvenile crime is one which should appeal to every right-minded woman. It is a problem which requires all the intellect, all the understanding, and all the heart possessed by the ideal woman to discover its cause and its cure. In these juvenile offenders, Catholic women should see not only citizens to be saved for the state but, what is infinitely more important, souls to be saved for God. Yet Catholic women are doing practically nothing in this appealing branch of public welfare.

CLOSELY linked with the problem of juvenile crime is that of prohibition. It is not necessary to repeat here the accusations made by the opponents of this measure concerning its influence upon the rising generation. Neither is it practical to outline the benefits said to be derived from the prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors by its friends. It is sufficient merely to point out that it is a question which has aroused the interest of the whole country and which directly affects the personal welfare and happiness of the women of the country. But Catholic women are strangely silent. They have no seats in legislative bodies in which the problem of strengthening or modifying this provision will ultimately be settled, neither are they associated with the organizations working for or against a change in the existing provision. Hence their influence can have no part in the final decision of a question of grave importance to them as well as to the other women of the community.

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Hundreds of thousands of the young Catholic women of the country are listed among the factory workers, the laboring women of the nation, and they will be and are at present as deeply affected as men by every industrial wind. The problem of capital and labor is still a long way from solution. The question of women in industry, of widows' pensions, of orphans' care, mothers' welfare and dozens of others in which women who work are interested are all unsolved yet. Catholic women leaders in the labor movements are singularly lacking. Catholics have certain definite contributions to make toward the solution of these problems but must first be in a position to efficiently and effectively present the Catholic point of view. Our working girls, for all their keenness and their natural intelligence, do not know there is any connection between their Church and their work. Because they have not discovered that eminently sane and moderate solution based on simple justice suggested by the Church they have nothing to offer their co-workers who see in them not leaders but plodders.

Prison reform and the treatment of prisoners generally is another question which has run the gamut from intolerable severity to mawkish sentimentalism. Undoubtedly there are more criminals in the country today than fifty years ago. Why? Is justice thwarted? Are criminals too lightly punished? Are our jails in reality private hotels where law breakers bask at their ease while helpless dependents suffer? These and innumerable other questions present themselves for solution. The Catholic woman is peculiarly fitted by her moral training for a position of leadership in any movement tending toward a better adjustment between the law-breaker and law abiding society. In early childhood she learned the distinction between the criminal and his crime. She learned that for every infraction of the moral law there is a corresponding punishment. There is no mawkish sentiment in the Tribunal of Penance and there the Catholic woman learned her first lesson in justice tempered with mercy.

WE HAVE suggested only those big absorbing domestic questions which closely touch the lives of potential Catholic women leaders but feminine leadership is equally important on international questions as our European sisters have already discovered. There is that burning question of war and entangling alliances, of world peace and how it can be brought about. There is the question of opium traffic that a short time ago had all Europe by the ears; but American

Catholic womanhood went on her serene way untouched by the prospective moral degradation of millions and unconcerned about a solution of the problem. There is the question of the international status of the United States naturalization. It has none. To be concrete, the majority of foreign countries in fact, if not in theory, deny the right of a subject to change his or her national allegiance on the theory "once a subject always a subject" while the United States holds that any man or woman has the right to personally determine his national allegiance. Thus foreign born persons are enabled by law to renounce allegiance to their native governments and to transfer it to the United States Government. That works all right while the naturalized citizen remains in the United States and in times of peace the naturalized citizen has little difficulty in traveling under the protection of the United States. But in time of war—it is another thing, especially if that naturalized American citizen is considered to owe military service to his native government. This is a subject which deserves considerable looking into, especially by naturalized citizens.

SPACE does not permit further enumeration of the problems awaiting solution, problems that spell disorder, confusion, and chaos unless and until they are rightly solved. In the solving of these problems the country has the right to demand the help of the best minds in all classes of its citizenship, women as well as men, and Catholic women have no justification for holding themselves aloof or refusing their aid. They can not, following the example of that other historic character, wash their hands of their responsibilities. For today perhaps even more than when these wise words were spoken, they are profoundly true, "There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. . . . There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth but the guilt of it lies with you."

On the Death of a Young Man

By J. CORSON MILLER

Fearless, against the hordes of Satan, he
Fought sin with Faith and Hope and Charity;
To-night, oblivious of men, he lies,
While Galahad smiles from his sightless eyes.

The Jersey Devil

No. 3 in a Story of the New Jersey Pines

"THE card party today was the crowning success of the season," said young Mrs. Hayle to her husband, as they sat on their vine-draped porch in the June twilight.

"Why? Did thee upset the teapot again?" asked Dick with masculine brutality.

"Thee's a horrid old cat to remind me of that," pouted Flora.

"She's making poetry! She's getting dangerous, Pete. You and I would better watch out," said Mr. Hayle, addressing the terrier in his wife's lap.

Mrs. Hayle's desire to talk speedily overcome her resentment. "Cousin Lucretia was my partner, and I trumped her ace while I was talking about Sadie Slocum's hat (you never imagined anything like it!). Then she (I mean Cousin Lucretia) descended upon me like a thousand of brick. But thee may have noticed it isn't very easy to call me down—so the next time I was her partner I trumped her trick on purpose. I'd hate to tell thee all she said after that! It was as good as a play. Next, I had a fight with Helen Wray because she repeated some low gossip about Father McSooy. I don't know him very well, and, of course, I have no use for his religion; but Aunt Martha says he is a perfect gentleman, and I have a somewhat higher regard for her judgment than for Helen Wray's. So I told her—politely, of course—to shut up; and then we had it hot and heavy. . . . Why will thee try to read in this light? Thee will ruin thy eyes."

"I must find out about the funeral," said Dick, running his finger down the columns of the newspaper.

"Whose funeral? Mr. Bates's? I told thee it was two o'clock. What a pity he couldn't have taken his chickens to Heaven with him! He'd be so much happier, and so would I."

"Here it is," said Mr. Hayle. "'Wray, Helen! Beloved wife of James H. Wray. Suddenly, after a euchre party on June 1st. Cause, total annihilation. Funeral Thursday, 3 P. M. Carriages warned to keep in line and to look out for Mrs. Hayle's bicycle!'"

Here the newspaper was violently confiscated, while Mrs. Hayle remarked, "It must be dreadful to be born silly!"

"Who's coming in the gate?" asked Dick in a low voice.

"Why, it is Father McSooy," said Flora in surprise.

She went down the steps to meet the guest. Her husband followed her, and for the first time in his life shook the hand of a Catholic priest. True to the tradition of Quaker hospitality, he made the stranger feel at home at once.

"I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Father McSooy, but in the country we are like one big family. What's your favorite cigar? That's right! So glad you smoke. That's the only thing I have against the Methodist minister. Nice fellow, but he won't smoke with me."

"That's one thing that was never yet said about a Catholic priest," replied Father McSooy.

Dick laughed. "I've always heard you were good sports, but to tell the truth I never met a priest before. The little church has only been built two years, and the first priest was old and sick, and never went around among the people as you do. In fact, I know very few Catholics. There was only one in my class at college, and he was a darn fool. I used to think all Catholics were like him."

"So it was at my college, too," said Flora. "The Barrington Female College, you know. The only Catholics were the daughters of a saloon keeper. I guess they were nice enough girls, but they looked like comic valentines, and, of course, we had nothing to do with them. Their name was O'Houligan, or something just as bad."

FLORA caught herself, but Father McSooy laughed. Leaning back in a comfortable armchair enjoying Dick's best cigar, surrounded by the fragrant loveliness of the June evening and listening to the humorous conversation of his hosts, he felt happy and much entertained.

"I infer that the curriculum of the Barrington Female College did not include Gaelic history, Mrs. Hayle. If it had, you would know that the Irish names that seem to you so grotesque are very ancient titles of nobility—and that the Irish brogue is Elizabethan English! Where is Barrington College? I have never heard of it."

"It is on the Delaware near Trenton—the oldest woman's college in West Jersey. My wife graduated there in 18—"

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"Kindly omit dates," interrupted Flora. "To atone for my allusion to O'Houligans, I'll bring you a glass of Aunt Martha Stockfield's home-made wine, Father McSooy."

After a few minutes more of gay chat, Father McSooy said, "I came here tonight to consult you, my friends, about a very serious matter. I want your advice about Kate Carney and her daughter."

HIS HOSTS sat silent and astonished. The priest continued, "I have ascertained that the mother was baptized a Catholic—therefore, she and her unfortunate child are in my charge. I shall be grateful if you will tell me all you know about them. The girl lived in your house several years ago, I understand."

"Yes, she lived here two years. She was the smartest maid I ever had, and she could behave beautifully when she chose—but some days she had a devil in her! She had such a strange, bold, piercing look in her black eyes I was afraid of her—and there is nothing else I'm afraid of, except mad bulls and mice. The Piners say she is a devil—and sometimes I believed it. At last she ran away with all my jewelry—but Dick got it back and had her mother arrested. Have you heard the story?"

"Yes—Mike Mulhaney told me. He said the prison and the reform school had failed to reform the unhappy creatures, and that now they keep the worst house in the county."

"I'm not at all sure it is the worst. It is the most notorious one in this neighborhood," said Dick. "I know this pine belt well. You know Uncle Timothy Stockfield owns about all this township, and miles of woodland and cranberry bogs besides. His son died, and I was left an orphan—and he and Aunt Martha have always been like my own parents. So instead of studying law, as I intended, I decided my place was here. I look after the canning factory and the saw-mills and the farms and the cranberry bogs and all the rest. Not an ambitious career, but I get a lot of joy out of the out-door life, and the thought that I'm helping the dear old folks who have been so good to me."

"And Uncle says everything he owns has doubled in value since Dick took hold," interposed Flora.

"Side remarks are out of order, little woman. As I was saying, no one knows the Pines and the Piners better than I do. The people are kindly and good-natured—very few crimes of violence among them; but many of them have

no more moral sense than my dog. They just live promiscuously without any restraint or shame. Talk about the Filipinos!" said Dick, beginning to pace the porch with his hands in his pockets, as his custom was when much in earnest. "Why, Father, the other day I picked up one of my wife's missionary magazines and read an article by a Protestant missionary—some woman, I forget her name—about the 'frightful immoral conditions' in the Philippines. She said there was nothing so bad anywhere else in the world—and, of course, she charged it up to the Roman Catholic Church! Well, I could show that good lady the same conditions right here in the Pines, in a community that has been stolidly Protestant for two hundred years. Such bigotry always gets my goat!"

"I must say, it is news to me that you ever read a religious magazine, or gave a thought to anything religious," said Flora.

"I AM NOT interested in religion, Flora—but I am interested in common decency, and I have some regard for the truth. The assertion that moral standards are lower in Roman Catholic countries than in Protestant countries is a lie. I was in the West Indies and in Mexico some years ago, and I tell you it is worse here in the Pines than any place I've ever been."

"You say this has been a Protestant community since colonial times," said Father McSooy. "Has not the Protestant religion made any appeal to these people?"

"Very little; although all the ministers—and especially the Methodists—have tried to reach them. They have occasional revival meetings in the Pines and some of the people 'get religion,' and then lose it again as quickly as they got it. Shall thee ever forget the revival we went to, Flora?" and Dick sat down again, laughing at the recollection.

"Never, to my dying day," said Flora.

"A Baptist evangelist was conducting a revival in a school house in the Pines. I had made a bet with my wife about something, and I lost—"

("You always do"—interrupted Flora.)

"And the wager was I should take her to the revival. I was pretty mad, because it was Masonic Lodge night!"

("He was cross as a bear"—from Flora.)

"But of course I had to go. When we got there, the room was packed, and the only seat was a bench by the stove. Next to us was a poor half-witted fellow who had tried to dress up for the occasion by dyeing his hair and then greasing

it with lard. The heat of the stove melted the lard and, mingled with the black hair dye, it ran down his face in inky rivulets while he sat there with a sheepish grin. Gosh! I laughed all night, so I couldn't sleep."

"And all the time the deacon who was praying kept asking the Lord to send us 'the oil of joy for mourning,'" added Flora.

FATHER McSOOY laughed—a hearty, boyish laugh. But then he asked soberly, "Is that the only type of religion those people know? I'm afraid it hasn't much permanent restraining or purifying power. Pious emotions can no more heal the terrible leprosy of sin than Christian Science can cure an organic disease. True religion must be founded upon definite, positive knowledge of the truth that makes us free. . . . And it would be such a simple matter to bring those poor people in touch with the very source of purity and divine grace! If they only knew!"

"Knew what, Father?" asked Flora gently.

The priest repeated in a low voice, solemnly:—

"O God, who hast wonderfully framed man's exalted nature, and still more wonderfully restored it: grant us, by the mystic signification of this commingling of water and wine to become partakers of His Godhead Who vouchsafed to become partaker of our manhood!"

The startled listeners who had never heard those mystic words before, sat silent in amazement. It seemed to Flora that she had listened to a distant strain of celestial music. After a moment she asked, "What does that mean, Father? What are those words?"

"It is a prayer from the Mass," replied the priest.

"The Mass! Do you think that is the source of divine grace you spoke of?"

"I do not think so, I know it! But I must be going. Mrs. Hayle, may I count on you to help those unfortunate women when the opportunity opens? Mrs. Stockfield has already promised to do what she can."

"Of course, I would help them if I could, but Gussie hates me. She knows I disliked her."

"Yet you were very kind to her. Surely the way will open if we all work and pray together. Mr. Hayle, pardon me if I correct a mistake you made tonight. You said you were not interested in religion, but were interested in decency and truth. That is impossible. You cannot separate religion from its fruits any more than you can separate the sun from its light and heat. Good-night."

II.

THE NEXT day Father McSooy went to the Methodist parsonage. Mr. Carslake welcomed him cordially. The young minister was city-bred; he had known Catholic priests, and he had a few prejudices. But Mrs. Carslake was rather distant in manner.

"I have come to talk to you about two unfortunate women who keep a notorious house up in the Pines. The Methodists are famous for their rescue work among such people, and I thought you might have been successful in reaching them. I refer to Kate and Gussie Carney."

"No, I have never spoken to them. I went there, but I couldn't get in. I haven't been since."

"Mr. Carslake doesn't go to that house because I won't let him," said little Mrs. Carslake. "When he told me where he had been, I said, 'Never again.'"

"There now, Minnie, don't give me away like that! Father McSooy, have you heard the strange superstition of the Piners about that girl, Gussie? She is supposed to be the child of the hobgoblin that is said to haunt the Pines—the Jersey Devil, or Leeds's Devil they call it. They say it returns every twenty years; and it is due this year! Only yesterday I met a farmer who insisted he saw it on the road to Barwell's Mills. That is supposed to be its haunt. Our local historian says the legend of Leeds's Devil has come down from colonial days; but how the story was connected with Kate Carney he couldn't explain."

"Yes, I have heard the story. It was told to me by an old lumberman who saw the Things. He related the tale with such intense conviction I had no desire to laugh. Well, I must say good afternoon. Mrs. Carslake, I am glad you are taking such good care of your husband."

III.

MR. HAYLE, I have come to ask you to drive me to Barwell's Mills tonight." It was Father McSooy who spoke. Dick paused in mowing the lawn and stared at him in astonishment.

"Barwell's Mills! Tonight? What's up, Father?"

"Gussie Carney has run away from her mother's house and is hiding there. Several persons have told me. They say she had a terrible quarrel with her mother, and that Kate tried to kill her. I don't know how that is, but it is certain the girl is in trouble. I've spent many hours before the Blessed Sacrament praying for her; and now something tells me it is time to act, and act at once. Who knows but I may be permitted

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to save her? Why else was she sent to me in the forest?"

The priest's eyes shone with unearthly brilliance. His was the soul of a mystic and a martyr. Dick looked at him—then all at once he understood.

"Come in. Flora will give us some tea, and we will start immediately afterward."

While Dick was harnessing the horse, Father McSooy told Flora the tragic story. "She is hiding in the Haunted Mill. I must try to find and save her. I have no choice. The power of the Prince of Darkness is terrible, but the power of the risen Christ is greater! *'Mors et vita duello conflixere mirando; dux vitae mortuus, regnat vivus.'*"

FLORA looked steadily at him, as her husband had done. Then she, too, understood. "I shall go with you, Father," she said. "She may need a woman's help."

Dick, entering, heard her. "No, Flora, it would be too great a nervous strain for thee. Thee must stay home."

"Dick, don't refuse me." Suddenly she broke into tears. "If I had been a better Christian, if I had shown that poor child any real love and womanly sympathy, she might not have sunk to—let me go, dear! Let me try to atone. Speak for me, Father McSooy."

"If she feels that way, please let her come with us. No harm can come to her."

Flora dried her tears, her unconquerable sense of humor rising again to the surface. "What could possibly happen to me, Dickie dear, between two big men, one with a revolver and the other with a crucifix?" She threw her arms around him and kissed him—and the battle was won.

The three travellers sat on the front seat of Dick's four-wheeled, covered carriage, known in the country in pre-automobile days as a "carry-all." Flora had piled cushions and shawls on the back seat—also a basket containing sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot tea. "The poor girl may be hungry and chilled," she thought—for it was unusually cold for the season.

The mysterious beauty of a great forest in the moonlight is something that cannot be described. Those who have felt its charm carry the memory deep in the heart for a lifetime. Flora's vivacious spirit was soothed to a dreamy calm. The trees, black against a silver background, seemed to murmur secrets of ineffable beauty. The mingled fragrance of the pines and hemlocks,

of chestnut blossoms and flowering locusts, of magnolias and distant clover fields filled the air like celestial incense. From the depths of the woods floated the weird, enchanting call of the whip-poor-will.

"I never saw such loveliness, not even on our honeymoon." Flora whispered. Sitting between her husband and the priest she felt very secure and happy. Dick pressed her hand, and softly whistled a sentimental song.

"Last night the nightingale woke me,"

Father McSooy quietly said his rosary.

The horse turned into the dark, overgrown road leading to Barwell's Mills. Here the foliage was so dense the moonlight scarcely filtered through. Great masses of flowering laurel bordered the road, the white blossoms looking ghostly against the dark background.

Suddenly a dreadful, piercing cry rang through the woods—an unearthly scream that made the listeners' hearts stand still. At the same time the horse began to plunge and rear in terror. "What's the matter with this devilish brute?" exclaimed Dick, reaching for the whip—but the priest caught his arm, saying:

"Don't strike him!—He may see what is hidden from us!"

Dick sprang out, and went to the horse's head, stroking and soothing him—then lead him gently forward to the clearing. The Haunted Mill was before them, a picture of romantic beauty in the white light of the moon. Not a living creature was in sight.

Flora was cold and quivering with terror, but she set her teeth and clinched her hands. Father McSooy slipped a small crucifix into her hand, whispering, "Call on the name of Christ, and nothing shall harm you." Then he said to Dick, "You would better stay here with your wife, and let me go on alone."

BUT FLORA exclaimed, though her teeth were chattering with fear, "Indeed we won't let you go alone! We'll all go together."

"That's my own gallant little woman," exclaimed Dick. He tied the horse to a tree, slipping a feed bag over his nose. Then taking a lantern from the carriage, and holding his revolver in his hand, he said to the priest, "Now we'll see whether spiritual or carnal weapons are needed. We are prepared in any case."

Flora clasped her husband's arm, and slipped her other hand through the arm of the priest. So they went together to the threshold of the Haunted Mill.

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As they reached the doorway, a cloud floated over the moon. That very instant, something flew past them and vanished in the darkness. Flora shrieked, and hid her face on her husband's shoulder. Dick muttered, "Biggest owl I ever saw!"—but he was conscious of a disagreeable chill in his blood.

Father McSooy took the lantern, saying, "Stay here. I am going in alone. Do not follow me. I have nothing to fear."

The priest, making the Holy Sign, and murmuring prayers as he advanced, held the lantern over his head and slowly searched the ruined building. It was lonely and silent as death; even the wild creatures of the forest had deserted it. The flickering light of the lantern at first revealed nothing but desolation. But at last, as Father McSooy's eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he saw a door, evidently leading into an inner room. It was a crack open.

Before that door the priest's courage nearly failed him. Beyond it he fancied he heard a sigh, or a sob. A human soul in pain!—But was it in the flesh or in the spirit world? Twice he raised his shaking hand to push the door open—and twice it fell at his side, while the cold sweat moistened his forehead. At last, calling aloud on the Holy Name, he pushed back the door.

The light of the moon streamed through a hole in the roof, and revealed a woman's figure lying on the floor, shrouded in a mass of long, dark hair. The priest knelt beside her, and gently turned her cold face to the light. There she lay in peaceful, unearthly beauty. The motherhood that should have been her joy and crown had been her death. Something on her neck glistened in the moonlight. Through streaming tears, the priest saw the Miraculous Medal with its pathetic appeal—

"O Mary, conceived without sin! Pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

IV.

THE STORY of Gussie's tragic death was followed by wild rumors that her unhappy mother had committed suicide. These rumors were without foundation. The wretched woman lived her strange, solitary life behind locked doors. If ever she left her tiny farm, no one saw her. Father McSooy, Mr. Carslake, and Mr. and Mrs. Stockfield all went to the cottage, but were met by savage curses or closed doors.

"I hate everyone and everyone hates me!" she screamed at Father McSooy from an upper win-

dow. "Don't you know I'm the Jersey Devil?" she added with a mocking laugh. "Get away before I hurt you!"

The young priest prayed ceaselessly before the altar to Our Lady of Mercy, to whom the church was dedicated. "Mother Mary! I believe you saved the daughter! Won't you save the mother?"

One morning Father McSooy's housekeeper and foster mother knocked at his study door. She was crying.

"Why Mary, what's the matter?"

"Sure, I've been thinkin' about poor Mrs. Carney. Mrs. Mulhaney says she's that good to her chickens and cats! She can't be bad intirely."

"No, Mary. No one is. If we could only find out how to reach her!"

"Feyther, if ye'll dhrive me up there, I'm goin' to make her a prisint of Brian Boru!"

"Brian Boru! Your pet rooster? Why Mary, surely you wouldn't give him away! What good would it do?"

Mary sobbed louder. "Sure I don't want to parrt with the darlin' birrud, but maybe he'll be a comfort to the poor woman now her little girrul is dead!"

The priest's eyes were dim as he said gently, "Perhaps he would be a comfort. We'll go to-day."

And before the altar he said, "Oh Blessed Mother! Is this your answer to my prayer? Now I know you have a sense of humor!"

THE BUGGY, drawn by the faithful Jonathon, drew up a short distance from the lonely cottage in the Pines. Father McSooy and Mary saw a woman working in the garden.

"You and Brian Boru would better go on without me," said the priest. "Perhaps she will let you in."

As Mary reached the gate, the woman in the garden turned to her a face of dreadful misery, yet showing the remains of great beauty. Kate stared in amazement at the grotesque figure approaching her. How could she know it was her good angel? Surely an angel in disguise! For Mary's homely face was red from weeping, her hair rumpled by the wind, her hat was over one ear; and clasped to her bosom was a big rooster! But almost the only thing we know about angels is that they are nearly always in disguise.

"Mrs. Carney! Mrs. Carney! Me heart was broke when I heard about your beautiful little girrul dyin' all alone! I've brought me own darlin' birrud to give ye. I'm sure he'll be a

comfort to you, me dear!" sobbed Mary, drying her eyes with Brian Boru's tail feathers.

Kate stood a moment in utter astonishment. Then her terrible face slowly changed and softened. Her hard mouth quivered. Great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Come in," she said, opening the door.

Thus Brian Boru put the Jersey Devil to flight.

V.

"FATHER MCSOORY," said Friend Timothy Stockfield, "we have a plan that I hope will drive the Jersey Devil away from our land once and for all. We want thy advice about it."

The priest, who was a frequent visitor at the mansion since the chicken feud was happily ended, looked at his host in surprise.

"Thee knows that Barwell's Mills is our property, part of my wife's inheritance. Since the tragic death of that poor girl in the Old Mill, the superstitious Piners are so afraid of the place I find it difficult to get workmen to run my saw-mill near there. We have decided, therefore, to have the Old Mill torn down, and in its place to build a sanitarium where such unfortunate creatures as Gussie can be taken care of in the future. Such a house is much needed in that section, for the nearest hospital is ten miles away. We will endow it so that the poor people in the Pines will be treated entirely free of charge. It is to be a hospital and a convalescent home in one. What does thee think of the plan?"

"I think it would be God's own work! But it will be an enormous expense, sir."

"We can well afford it," said the old gentleman complacently. "The profits from our cranberry bogs alone will pay for it. Our daughters are all married and abundantly provided for. Richard and Flora have their own money, and will have the canning factory besides. The Lord has blessed us all so abundantly we ought to give back a part to Him."

"Who will manage your hospital? Its success will depend entirely upon the management."

"This is where we want thy help. We want thee to get some Catholic nursing Sisters to take charge of it."

Father McSoory's astonishment was so great he stared speechlessly at his host. At last he stammered (using unconsciously the Quaker form of address) "What—why does thee want Catholic Sisters?"

Mrs. Stockfield replied: "We are not turning Papists! We do not understand thy strange religion. But we know that if Catholic Sisters

manage our hospital the patients will be taken care of as we intend them to be. We have had some unfortunate experiences with professional nurses. We do not want them."

"My daughter in Philadelphia was thrown from her carriage and had to be taken to the nearest hospital—it happened to be a Catholic hospital. There the Sisters wear big flapping hats almost as queer as Quaker bonnets," chuckled Friend Stockfield. "But Phoebe was so beautifully cared for, we are convinced there are no nurses like Catholic Sisters. We no longer have any prejudice against Catholics since we have known thee. And if thy church wants to build a chapel for the Sisters on our land we will make no charge for the lot."

Father McSoory could find no words to reply.

"As my wife has said, we will live and die in the simple religion of our ancestors. My nephew Richard and his wife may some day become Roman Catholics. I found them reading a book of John Henry Newman's. I suppose thee knew this?"

"I did not know it," replied the priest, his voice choked with emotion.

"It will make no difference to us if Richard changes his belief. The Society of Friends stands for liberty of conscience. We have never persecuted anyone. We wish to work with thee to help the people of the Pines. That will be the way to drive out the Jersey Devil."

THE END.

Mane Nobiscum, Domine

(Abide with Us, O Lord.)

By JOHN GRAY

Stay with us Lord, the day is travelled far:

We meet Thee at its close.

Lord, at our humble table sit and share,

And be, our sweet repose.

Pledge of our hospitality, the bread

Is broken by Thy hands.

Our quaking love, our most confiding dread

Beholds and understands.

Food of our souls enlightens and updries

Our darkness and our tears.

The Breaker and the Broken to our eyes

Is all, and disappears.

We cannot be without Thee, Lord, because

The night is perilous;

And anxiously our earthly journey draws

To evening: stay with us.

The Holy of Holies

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

FOR THE Jew the most sacred place was Jerusalem. The Psalmist, recalling the days of captivity in Babylon, composed a psalm for Jeremias whose lamentations over the destruction of the city are forever memorable. "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion. . . And they that carried us away said 'Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion.'" The answer of these afflicted people is full of loving remembrance of their city: "How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." So strong are these feelings that they give voice to a prayer that sounds strange to Christian ears: "Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who say: Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof. O daughter of Babylon, miserable: blessed be he that shall dash thy little ones against a rock." (PSALM, 136.)

Jeremias himself "sat weeping, and mourned with this lamentation over Jerusalem, and with a sorrowful mind, sighing and moaning, he said: ". . . All they that passed by the way have clapped their hands at thee: they have hissed, and wagged their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying: 'Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of the whole earth,'" (LAM. 2:12.) In such desolation is he that he cries out for comfort: "O ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

These were no mere sentiments of patriotism. They were the sincere expressions of devoted hearts for the city that contained the temple, and, in the temple, the Holy of Holies. To us, these prayers and lamentations may seem strange, but we see the reason for them when we recall that the Holy of Holies contained the Rod of Aaron—the instrument in those mighty miracles wrought to deliver the Jews from the land of Egypt and which latter "bloomed blossoms" as a vindication of Aaron's right to the priesthood. In it were also the tables of the Law given on Mount Sinai and some of the Manna with which the Jews were fed for forty years in the desert.

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

These people might well be desirous of preserving the remembrance of God's special providence over them. God Himself commanded that the Holy of Holies should be covered with a heavy veil and that, only once a year, the High-Priest alone should enter and this only that he might sprinkle on the Mercy Seat the blood of the sacrifice.

At the death of Jesus, "the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom." (MARK, 15:38.) This "figure of the good things to come" was no longer necessary, for about the same time another veil was rent—the Sacred Humanity of Jesus. With the thrust of a lance, a soldier lays bare the Heart of Jesus, the real Holy of Holies. That Heart reveals the mighty miracle of Redemption and Christ's right to that "everlasting priesthood whereby He is able also to save forever them that come to God by Him." It points out the Law of Love that is to prevail. It shows the source of feeding His people on His Body and Blood.

The Redemption by Christ was no mere deliverance from "hard works in clay and brick." (Ex. 1:14.) It was not wrought by a word such as desolated Egypt with the ten plagues. The obscurity, the poverty, the sufferings of His thirty-three years were the price of that gift—a gift surpassing human understanding and infinitely beyond human gratitude. The gift itself is worthy of eternal remembrance and gratitude because it shows such condescension on the part of the Eternal towards His creatures. "It was God's *eternal purpose* that we should have redemption, the remission of our sins, *through the Blood of His beloved Son*" (EPI. 1.4:3.9.) It becomes more precious in our eyes when we realize that it was "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (ROM. 5:9.)

MIRACLES are too often thought of in terms of Power—Power that overcomes material obstacles, established by Power Itself for the government of the universe. Love performs greater works when, by loving kindness, It forces rebellious creatures to accept Its sweet invitations. The revelation of the Sacred Heart that carried out the plan of Redemption was a miracle of love that forever compels the love of the human

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heart. This was His purpose in laying down His life; it was His solemn prophecy as to the result of His sacrifice: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." (JOHN, 12:32.) The pierced Heart must forever be associated with the Cross.

THE BLOSSOMS that grew from Aaron's rod "which, spreading the leaves, were formed into almonds," (NUM. 17:8.) picture but feebly the beautiful flowers and fruits of Christ's Passion. Isaías, the Prophet of the Passion, uses more varied figures to describe the benefits of Redemption. He speaks—with a touch of envy, it seems—of those who "shall draw waters with joy from the Savior's fountains." (ISA. 12:3.) Then he sings of the blessings that will come to men from the Heart that loves them so much. "The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad and the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily. . . . Strengthen ye the feeble hands and confirm the weak knees. Say to the fainthearted: 'Take courage, and fear not: behold . . . God Himself will come and will save you.' Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened and ears of the deaf be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart and the tongue of the dumb shall be free: for waters are broken out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness, And a path and a way shall be there and it shall be called the holy way: the unclean shall not pass over it and this shall be unto you a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein. . . . And the redeemed of the Lord shall return and shall come into Sion with praise. . . . ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." (ISA. 35.)

In the Sacred Heart we can see also the New Law of Love. His whole life on earth was a series of contrasts with the dreadful scene about Mt. Sinai. His first recorded appearance as a Teacher took place in the synagogue at Nazareth. On this day "He rose up to read. And the book of Isaías, the Prophet, was delivered unto Him. And as He unfolded the book, He found the place where it was written: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, wherefore He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent Me to heal the contrite of heart: to preach deliverance to the captives and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward.' And when He had folded the book. . . . the eyes of all in the synagogue were fixed on Him. And He began to say to

them: This day is fulfilled this Scripture in your ears." (LUKE, 4.) The rest of His discourse is not given, but only enough to proclaim the beginning of the Law of Love. In His later discourses He reveals still more the infinite love of God for His sinful creatures. He emphasizes the fact that those only are deserving of love and merit forgiveness who love their neighbor as themselves. The burden of the Commandments is changed into a burden that is light and a yoke that is sweet. "There is now therefore no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus who walk not according to the flesh." (ROM. 8:1.) For "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the vices and concupiscences." (GAL. 6:24.) The law of life, the motive of conduct, the principle of action, is to live in the faith of the Son of God Who loved men to the uttermost.

Having delivered His people from bondage and given them the Law of Love, the Heart of Jesus conceived the idea of feeding them on the true Bread from Heaven. He instituted a Sacrifice as a Memorial of that deliverance and a Banquet that is a summary of the Law of Love. The Mass is the Sacrifice of our Ransom. Holy Communion is the receiving of the Body that was broken and the Blood that was shed for the remission of sins. The Mass is an eloquent reminder of our Redemption. Holy Communion is the bond that unites the Redeemer with the redeemed and these fortunate ones with each other.

Thus the Heart of Jesus can be compared to the Holy of Holies. But it infinitely surpasses the ancient one in the benefits conferred and in the permanence of those benefits. For the Rod of Aaron there is the Cross; for the Table of Stone, there is a Heart of flesh; for the corruptible Manna, there is the incorruptible Flesh and Blood of the Son of the Virgin Mary.

IT IS NO wonder, then, that after centuries of coldness and neglect Jesus broke the silence of the Tabernacle and revealed the Heart that was pierced on the Cross. Love can bear all things, but it cannot endure coldness towards the benefits given, or forgetfulness of sacrifices made. "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much and which is loved by them so little!" It is a call to remember His sufferings, a complaint that even the Sacrament, instituted to remind men of His love, was being forgotten and that He was dying again in the memories of those who should remember.

A Solitary Novelist

Three Novels by Montgomery Carmichael

OF THE novelists in English who have adorned the first quarter of this century, several have been Catholics, notably the late Joseph Conrad; but of the Catholic novelists, that is, those who allowed the Faith to play an integral and significant part in their works, none has been in the front ranks. Extravagant claims are sometimes made for the late Monsignor Benson; but, if his historical novels are certainly under-rated, his others are absurdly over-praised; they were pamphleteering, and had all its defects plus frequently faulty psychology. John Ayscough for all his unevenness is the better writer, and is among those who are too preoccupied with living to worry about life. The problems and theories and stunts and defiances—moral, social, economic—that make such a din do not agitate his pages: he has a tale to tell, a character to unfold, a shy corner of the world to light up, and quietly, deftly, charmingly he does it.

Granted that Ayscough can make the wider appeal (as, in another class, there are a hundred readers of *THE IMITATION* to one of St. John of the Cross) surely the best writer of the lot is Mr. Montgomery Carmichael. I should be not surprised to learn that a large number of American readers have never heard of him: certainly, plenty of English readers have not.

He is the author of half a dozen or more books, of which three are novels—assuming that the best of them, *THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAM WALSHE*, F.S.A., is a novel, and not sober truth. In title and form it is a biography “edited, with an introduction by Montgomery Carmichael,” and done so skilfully as to have deceived even so eminent an one of the elect as Cardinal Vaughan—again assuming that he was deceived; for, though it is now generally accepted that the work is fiction, I think that the author (or editor) has never admitted it.

Mr. Carmichael has several preoccupations, of which the chief is man and his destiny—a not unusual interest for a novelist. But there is a stress on destiny, and so, more unusual, he is also preoccupied with the Christian and Catholic religion. And being concerned for whatsoever

By DONALD ATTWATER

things are true, modest, just, holy, lovely, of good fame, he is, more unusual still, enamored of the contemplative and solitary life, and writes about it.

JOHN WILLIAM WALSHE is the story of a hidden life lived in the world; the true story apparently of an unknown or forgotten Englishman who in the earlier part of last century ran away from his home and business in Manchester, found his way to Italy, was adopted by an English nobleman, received the gift of Faith, and lived out a holy and humble life there, a scholar and a layman.

What could be more simple or less promising a subject for chronicle? But this book is one of quite extraordinary fascination and this man Walshe lives to the reader as do few victims of biography. The narrative of his childhood, intimate and convincing without the aid of elaborate psychological theories; the story of his conversion, enlightening and new, essentially the turning of a heart, already aflame with love of our Lord, to the recognition of His Church through the lives and worship of some of its members; the tranquil middle years, with their Franciscan studies, increase in mortification and austerities, concern for his sons; the holy death, where the biographer has been literal to the verge of danger—it is difficult to believe that this is not the record of a living soul.

HOW MANY of the incidents or circumstances of the book may be true of someone or other person, we do not know; but if Walshe's personality existed only in the mind of the author of the book, he also lives today in the hearts of those who have read it. A *tour de force* it may be, but it is also perhaps the most remarkable work of the kind ever written.

THE SOLITARIES OF THE SAMBUCA is, as its name suggests, definitely about the solitary life, an original and characteristic conception of the solitary life: not in an organized eremitical life such as that of the Camaldolese, or in that wonderful form compounded of the eremitical and cenobitic, observed by the Carthusians—but literally alone, like St. Paul the Hermit or St. Anthony the Abbot in the desert—as much alone, as

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silent and solitary, as the modern law of the Church would allow. A "community" of twelve laymen, each of whom has a separate cottage in a vast wood and who meet daily for Mass in a church so constructed that no one can see another, is the subject of the book. It is supposed to have been written by one of their number so that those many souls, "born solitaries who have lived all the more eremitically because out of their element" for lack of a true remedy for their failures, may find their vocation and peace.

IN CHRISTOPHER AND CRESSIDA we again have the solitary life, but with a difference: first as led by a successful young business man looking forward to marriage and using all his energies in the service of God and his lady, and then as lived by the same in a convict prison and afterwards for long years as a supernumerary clerk in an insurance office. It is essentially a love story, differing from the ordinary novel in that it exalts the love of God above all: and differing also from the common "religious fiction" in that Mr. Carmichael boldly and straightforwardly puts the

love of man and woman immediately after that of God—and young love at that. "Love is one of the great bulwarks of religion . . . young love is the sanctification, young marriage the salvation, of generous youth that would keep intact the Christian ideal of daily life: either that, or the religious state: there is no other way. The age limit has often been a terrible weapon for evil in the hands of ambitious and unscrupulous elders, whose one thought is material advantage. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder: and equally whom God hath elected to be joined let no man *keep* asunder." With love properly understood, free from all false prevalent sentimentality, we welcome this statement of doctrine.

Mr. Carmichael's minor preoccupations occur in all his books, genealogy, armory, the Latin tongue, the Church's liturgy, the Flemish masters both of painting and poetry, with a background of rural Italy; and his style is distinguished by that firm, clear, logical English which one associates with interests of that sort; but above all, the lives of hidden saints and the keeping of God's order are his theme. His writing is worthy of it.

The Crucifix—God's Book

THE CRUCIFIX is God's book to man. It is a unique book, an abridgment and an encyclopedia in one. It contains the simplest truths as well as the most profound mysteries.

Some of the chapters in this book are entitled: "The Value of the Soul," "God's Love," "Is There a Hell?" "Suffering—Its Remedy," "Is Mortal Sin a Trifle?" "God's Mercy."

The chapter on God's Love is undoubtedly the best in the book. After reading it there is no one who would not feel drawn to love God in return. With outstretched arms and thorny brow, tear-dimmed eyes and bleeding heart, God pleads with man for his love. On completing the chapter the words of St. Paul come unbidden to the lips, "The charity of Christ urgeth us" to love Him in return.

Next in importance and appeal is the chapter on God's Mercy. Perhaps to the ordinary reader God's love and His mercy might be considered as one and the same. True, indeed, as regards some souls—the soul of the infant or the soul of the saint who has never lost his baptismal innocence. But what about the person who has wallowed in the mire of sin? Is he as deserving of God's love and mercy as the pure white soul of innocence? Hardly. And yet in the chapter on

God's Mercy, God seems to tell us that He loves the sinner more than the saint.

Another chapter in this wonderful book is on Mortal Sin. Mortal sin is no trifle when viewed in the light of the Passion. If God has treated His only Son so cruelly, what punishment will the unrepented sinner who spurns God's love and mercy receive? "If this is done in the green wood (i. e. in the innocent Christ) what shall be done in the dry" (i. e. in the unrepented sinner.)

For every virtue in the Christian life this book has a special chapter. Each virtue is analyzed, studied in the light of the Passion, and its application is made to the every-day lives of men.

Special consideration must be given to the chapter on Suffering. Here the Christian is shown how to bear his cross daily. The follower of Christ is urged to carry his cross in union with Christ Suffering.

The greatest minds of the ages have read and studied this wonderful book—The Crucifix. It is with words of highest praise and esteem for it that these great men recommended it to all. Minds like those of St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas, St. Bernard, St. Alphonsus, St. Paul of the Cross, have nothing but the most sublime eulogies to pronounce on this book.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Behold Thy Mother!

By FREDERIC CORCORAN

A loving silence Mary keeps
While in her arms the Child-God sleeps.
She glances down at Him with eyes
That see in Him all Paradise.
Anon He wakes, small hands reach out
To clasp His Mother's neck about.
And He takes the kisses of her face
With just the sweetest, childish grace.
Were He to speak, this would He say,
"Be Mary's child, she is the Way.
"Chosen by Me to come to thee
Only through her wilt thou find Me."

An Unexpected Turn

By JOAN LEE

DICK REILLY and Tom Burke were chums—two healthy, lively boys. They could sit by the hour laughing over the comic sections of the newspapers, but when mischief was afoot, they were always ready for it.

One afternoon as they were coming home from school and passing a cemetery, Dick suddenly halted. Tom walked quite a few paces before he realized that Dick was standing still.

"Say, what are you doing?" called Tom.

"Come back here a minute, will you?"

Tom eagerly hurried back. Then Dick burst into an account of a plan which had just come to him as he reached the cemetery.

Margery Toms, a little girl in their class, was very scarey—afraid of her shadow—and Dick had thought of a great scheme to have some fun at her expense. She was in the habit of going errands for her mother in the evening, for her

father was dead and the mother worked hard all day. To go back and forth to the stores she had to pass the cemetery which was surrounded by a high board fence.

Dick thought that if he and Tom dressed up in sheets and hid behind the fence, they could spring out on Margery and have the greatest laugh when she discovered they were "ghosts." Tom agreed that it was a great idea and promised to meet Dick at his house early.

NOTHING happened to keep the boys at home and by dusk they were secreted in the cemetery ready for Margery's approach. As it grew dark they looked for a good place to make a stand, and here it was! Right near the fence was an open grave with planks across and the boys stood here peering into the darkness waiting for Margery. In a few minutes they heard her skipping along, and they grew ready to jump. Just before she reached their hiding-place, the boys began to utter weird cries and groans. The frightened child halted and at that moment the boys bobbed up in fearsome white, clutching at the air. With an ear-piercing shriek Margery turned and ran home as fast as her legs would carry her, screaming all the way. When she reached the house she was too excited and exhausted to explain what had occurred.

"Shucks!" exclaimed Dick, much disgusted as he saw the flying figure. "Now she'll go and tattle on us and I suppose we will be in for a good lecture. Why didn't she wait and see what scared her?"

Tom was about to reply when the words were frozen on his tongue. Sudden terror seemed to possess both culprits. What boy, no matter how brave, wouldn't be frightened? For something had mysteriously and silently risen from the grave over which the boys were standing and was holding them in a tight, unearthly embrace. Both Dick and Tom had often scoffed at girls who believed in ghosts. But now, what had them?

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Tom was dumb-stricken; but Dick managed to gasp in a weak voice:

"Oh, Lord, please help us. We're sorry, cross our hearts. We'll be good. Only take away this ghost."

"So you don't like the shoe on the other foot," boomed a voice from behind and then the boys, with relief, knew it was a live human who held them. And strong! He gave Dick and Tom such a shaking-up that they felt their bones were all jumbled. Then, with a parting cuff, he let go of them. What he didn't say to them about being cowards wasn't worth hearing, asking if they thought the Lord would be apt to help anyone who frightened little girls! Dick and Tom took it all meekly as they knew every bit was deserved, but they were curious to know who the man was and how he had got down in the hole. He finally told them his name was Strang and he had been hired to watch a grave nearby for fear of ghouls. When he heard the boys approaching, Strang made a quick dive into the open grave, suspecting the newcomers wanted to rob the one he was guarding. When he realized the boys' real purpose he felt he should give the tormenters a real lesson. They told him he did. With a laugh, and a last word of advice, the grave-watcher told them to go home.

Two unusually silent boys parted at Dick's gate that night and each made excuses to get early to bed. At breakfast, the next morning, Mrs. Reilly asked Dick if he felt all right.

"Oh, yes," he said, hoping she wouldn't question him. His father glanced at him, but said nothing. Dick ate very little breakfast.

When school was called, there was no sign of Margery. Both Dick and Tom were very uneasy but neither dared ask about her. At recess Dick heard one of the girls telling another a terrible piece of news. Margery Toms had been frightened at the cemetery last night by ghosts and now she had brain fever!

DICK CREEPT away, sick at heart. What if Margery should die? Would he and Tom be murderers? All the endless, miserable afternoon these questions raced through his brain.

Dick dreaded the evening meal, and with good reason. His mother and father were talking over the fright given Margery.

"I'll wager it was the work of some thoughtless boys," remarked Mr. Reilly, "but how cowardly! That weak little girl may never get over it." Then, beaming over at Dick, he said:

"A good Catholic boy would never do anything like that, would he, son?"

Choking, Dick excused himself and left the table. A startled glance passed between Mr. and Mrs. Reilly.

An hour passed with Dick pacing back and forth in his room trying to get up courage to tell the truth. He was at fault for he had coaxed Tom to join in his scheme. If Margery died, he would have to go to the electric-chair! That would kill his father and mother. "Would he have to tell—probably Margery didn't know he and Tom had scared her—or would it be better to say nothing?"

MR. REILLY, alarmed at his continued absence, went in search of Dick and found him on the bed with his face buried in the pillow. Touching him on the arm, his father said:

"Come out to your mother, son."

Without a word Dick followed his father. The look in his mother's eyes was too much for Dick and he blurted out the whole story, taking the blame. Though Mr. Reilly had quite a stricken look, he warmly grasped Dick's hand and said: "Spoken like a man. It takes courage to admit faults. Now, Dick, I want you to get on your things and we will go at once to Margery's house. Her mother must know the facts."

With a sinking heart Dick accompanied his father and the two were met at the door by Mrs. Toms. She looked very thoughtful when she heard their errand. Then she said:

"I think it would be well for Margery to hear the tale from Dick's lips. If she knows it was only the boys dressed up who came after her, the fever ought to go down."

When Dick entered the sickroom he saw a very white little girl with large startled eyes lying in bed. He at once told her about the prank that he and Tom had played on her. He even added how they themselves had been frightened by the grave-watcher. Then, dropping on his knees beside the bed, he begged:

"Please get well, Margie. I'm awful sorry and I'll never do anything to hurt you again."

With that Dick broke into sobs and Mr. Reilly realized what a great strain he had been under. Mrs. Toms comforted him and said she was sure Margery would improve from that moment.

Oh, how good it seemed to be home with his father and mother and not in jail! His mother said she was proud of him for telling the truth, adding she knew he didn't mean any real harm.

"Still," she admonished, "you must never play thoughtless jokes of that kind again. I know you didn't mean to make Margery sick, but you never stopped to think how she would take it. Go to bed now and sleep, but pray that Margery will be out again soon."

Dick did pray hard and very earnestly and you can imagine how much better he felt to see Margery on the street a short time later. Once the fright was removed from her mind, she recovered very quickly. Nor did she hate Dick.

Tom, too, was glad to know Margery was well again. He and Dick got together and made a solemn pact to look out for her after that.

Mrs. Toms remarked to Mrs. Reilly that the scare really did Margery good in the end for she no longer feared ghosts and even liked mischievous boys. Not only that, but she had gained two loyal protectors, and who wouldn't be willing to go through her experience to gain that end?

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARIES:

Daddy knows that you are all anxiously waiting to find out how Charlie Chin made out in his collection of gold-pieces. All month long the Bobbies here have been pestering the life out of me with questions about that gold collection. Smiles seemed to be the most anxious of all. Every now and then he would say to me, "Daddy, wouldn't it be wonderful if Charlie Chin does get all that gold? I hope he does get it. Daddy, do you think he will succeed?"

Chubby was true to his friend, Charlie Chin. Again and again he would repeat to the other Bobbies, "I bet you that Charlie and Mary do get that gold. I know Charlie better than you fellows do and I know he will succeed." But none of the other Bobbies offered to take up his bet. Some seemed to think that there was going to be no gold story this month and others just hoped for the best. An experiment was going on and all waited for the results.

Then came Mary's letter and what a letter it was! Did she succeed? Did she get the gold? What became of Charlie Chin? Well, Juniors, I know you are all waiting to hear about it, so I will just copy Mary's letter. Here it is, word for word.

Dear Daddy:

I can hardly wait to tell you all about it. Do you

remember my promise to collect gold pieces for Charlie Chin? Charlie Chin has been a wonderful pal during the past month. You could never guess what we did.

Well, a few days after I wrote you that promise, my mother received a letter from her brother, my Uncle John. Uncle John lives in Creed, Colorado. Creed is over a hundred miles from where I live. He wrote that my Aunt Ann was sick and he wanted to know if mother would allow me to go to Creed and keep house for Aunt Ann for a few days until Aunt Ann felt better.

You know, Daddy, I am only fourteen years old, but mother has always taught me how to cook and clean and bake and help her in all her housework. But I had never really kept house. Mother always says I can do almost everything that she can do. That is the reason why Uncle John wanted me to help out while Aunt Ann was sick.

Uncle John and Aunt Ann are quite old now and, although they are very rich, Aunt Ann would never have any servants in the house.

Well, to make a long story short, mother said I could go. So off I went to Creed. Of course Charlie Chin went with me. I would feel lonesome without him.

Papa took us over to Creed in his new auto. The journey was delightful. Most of the way we traveled uphill. For miles and miles we rode along a narrow road on the edge of the mountain. If we had ever tumbled over the edge of the road you would never hear from me or Charlie Chin again.

At last we reached Creed. Papa told me that it was a famous old-time gold-mining town and that many people used to live there. But now the mines are all idle and the town is in ruins. Most of the people have moved away and many of the houses are so rickety a good wind would blow them over.

Uncle and Auntie were glad to see me and very happy that mother had allowed me to come to them and help keep house. And it did not take me long to tell them of the little friend I had brought with me. Uncle John seemed to enjoy all I told him about the work Charlie Chin and I were doing for the babies in China. I told uncle all about our promise to collect one hundred dollars in gold. And I told him how much the poor priests in China needed that money for the orphans.

Auntie was sick for over a week. Every day I tried to do the cooking and clean the house and several times I tried to make some nice cakes for Auntie. One day while she was eating a cake which I had baked, she said to me, "Mary, you seem to be quite a good cook and baker. Your uncle has praised your cooking and said that he wished you would stay here all the time."

Of course, I felt very proud and that evening I tried to bake a very special cake for Uncle John. It turned out pretty good, so when he came in for supper I carried the cake in to him and told him I baked that just for him and I hoped he would like it. Then all of a sudden I got another idea. "Uncle John," I said, "if you like my cake will you give something to Charlie Chin for the poor children in China?"

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He smiled and then gave me a very funny look. I was afraid he would not like the cake after all. "Mary," he said, "you have been doing wonderful work ever since you came here. I do not know what I would have done without you. Aunt Ann is forever telling me how glad she is that you came and how good you have been to her every day. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. You know I like pie, but so far you have not tried to bake me a pie. Tomorrow you bake a nice apple pie. Make it just as good as you can. And if I like the pie I will be very good to Charlie Chin. Will you do it?"

To tell you the truth, Daddy, I was almost afraid to say 'Yes.' I had often watched mother make pies but I had never, never tried it myself. But I thought to myself that if the Infant Jesus really wanted help for the Missionaries He would help me with the pie. So asking Him to help me, I answered Uncle John's question: "I'll try, Uncle John, but don't forget about Charlie Chin if you like the pie."

Uncle John just smiled at me and said: "Now go ahead and do the best you can, I'll certainly not forget Charlie Chin if you make a good pie."

Next day I was awake very early thinking and thinking just what would be the best kind of a pie. I asked Aunt Ann what kind he liked, and she told me that his favorite was apple pie with plenty of butter and cinnamon. Then I got busy on the pie.

Evening came. I was so nervous I could hardly pour the tea. I almost fainted when Uncle John said: "Now, Mary, what about that pie you promised to make?" I prayed hard that he would like it.

"Like it? Why Mary, that is the best pie I have ever tasted. That's the kind of pie your good Aunt Ann has been trying to make ever since I know her. But you have beat her to it. Now cut me another piece." That's the way Uncle John spoke.

All I can say is that the very first thing I did was to say a prayer of thanksgiving to the Infant Jesus for having helped me. And then I said another prayer to ask Him to please make Uncle John generous in feeding Charlie Chin.

After supper—and, Daddy, hold your breath now, because here is the big surprise—after supper Uncle John called me and told me to bring him that little Pagan Charlie Chin that I was always talking about.

"Mary," he said, "Aunt Ann is now feeling well again and I have promised your mother to take you home again. I hate to see you go, but I know your mother misses you. You have been very good to us. And now give me that Bobbie you are holding." I walked closer to him and he, taking the Bobbie from me, put his hand upon my head. "Mary," he told me, "I did enjoy the pie you made and I know how hard you tried to make it very good. But I know that the real reason why you tried so hard was not so much to please me as it was to please the Infant Jesus. You taught me a lesson. So now I am going to feed Charlie Chin with something I should have given to the Missions long ago. Look, Mary, do you know what kind of coin this is?"

Daddy, I did not know whether to cry or laugh. I cannot tell you how I felt. I had never heard Uncle John talk like that. I began to cry. "Yes, Uncle John," I blubbered, "it's a ten dollar gold-piece." "Now Mary, watch and count: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!"

Daddy, no matter how old I live to be I shall never forget how I felt. I threw my arms around Uncle John's neck and just cried and laughed and hugged him. I heard Uncle John mumbling something that sounded like: "I wish I had the heart of this child that I might love God as she does."

Please tell all the Bobbies about Charlie Chin's success, won't you, Daddy? I am awfully happy about it and I hope that none of the other Bobbies will feel jealous of Charlie Chin.

I could write more, Daddy, but I am so excited that I will have to close.

Lovingly, MARY.

NOW, MY LITTLE Missionaries, just as I finished reading Mary's wonderful letter I spied another letter lying on my desk. It is from another wonderful little girl named Agnes. She tells me that she read about Mary in the May issue of THE SIGN and says she could not understand why there was so much fuss about saving 'gold-pieces.' "My mother," she says, "always told me to take care of the pennies and the dollars would take care of themselves." Then she asks me to print this little poem:

Little copper pennies,
Saved from day to day,
Will soon convert all China
And the babies' ransom pay.

Agnes also says that the Sister in school told the class a beautiful story about "The King Chooses the National Flower" and she promises to tell all the Juniors about it in the July number of THE SIGN. So be sure to look for it.

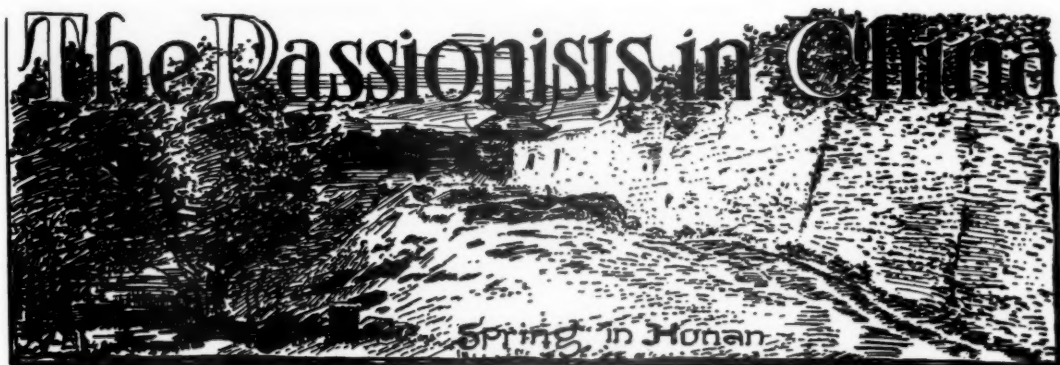
Next month you will all be thinking about vacation. You will have plenty of time to write letters. Do write me and tell me about your work with Bobby. I always like to hear from you but many of you never write. Try to write and tell about Bobby and yourself.

Be good, my Little Missionaries, and always keep your hearts free from sin. Pray daily to the Infant Jesus to keep you good and holy. Be good to mother and father; be kind to your brothers and sisters; and always be obedient to your superiors.

With all good wishes and blessings, I am

Your friend,

DADDY SEN FU.



The Mission Situation in China

As Reflected in Letters of the Missionaries

THE darkest hour is that before the dawn. Let us hope that it will be so with regard to the Mission situation in China. The circumstances of the Missionaries beggar description. For obvious reasons we cannot publish all the letters received. But from the following the reader may easily form conclusions. We have purposely withheld all the names of Missionaries and the places.

MARCH 12TH, 1927

[TO THE FATHER PROVINCIAL,
THE VERY REVEREND STANISLAUS GRENNAN, C.P.]

IT MAY surprise you to see me writing under the above letterhead, but I think it will be even more of a surprise to know the reason for my being here. Last week it became imperative for some of us to evacuate Hunan. We made all possible haste, arriving in ——— about 9 A. M. last Wednesday. We were just a few hours too late to catch a convoy. We must, therefore, await the next convoy. When

that shall arrive, we do not know.

On the convoy we missed was also a large number of non-Catholic Missionaries. At present there are no non-Catholic Missionaries in this part of China. Our own personnel has been greatly reduced.

Though there have been no reports of actual violence against any of our Missions, the agitation against us continues to grow. One by one our means of work are being curtailed. Here all schools have been closed, orphans taken in during the famine have been demanded and in one case even kidnaped No merchant will cash our checks, so that money is a cause of acute worry. Father ——— had to sell mission goods to get enough to send some on their travels and will soon be compelled to sell more in order to buy food.

To the Brethren back home, the act of leaving our territory may seem like cowardice. I assure you it is not. Not one of the men but would gladly remain at his post, ready for anything

the future might bring. All hearts are sad at the thought of leaving our work, but there is no alternative. We are bound hand and foot. It is practically impossible for us to do anything. Were the men to remain they could do practically nothing for souls and would in all probability face the danger of starvation . . . There is no choice. Churches and schools are being seized and occupied as barracks. . . What can we do? Nothing! And we have no redress . . . Without doubt conditions are just as serious as they were during the Boxer uprising. . . .

You can imagine what a blow all this is to our work. Father ———, driven out by bandits, Sisters and priests leaving the territory, with the prospect of those remaining being forced to follow later. Truly the hand of the Lord is heavy upon us. Let us hope that a more glorious era will follow. None of us has forgotten the fact that we are sons of the Passion—all are willing to make the supreme sacrifice if necessary.

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LOOKING THROUGH THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

MARCH 9TH, 1927

[TO THE FATHER PROVINCIAL]

IT IS CRUEL to see the work of years being gradually threatened with suspension, if not destruction. I am sure that those who have been forced to evacuate would have a hundred times preferred to have remained and faced any consequences. But there was nothing else to do. Reports from all quarters are most discouraging. No doubt you know more about the general situation than we who are in the midst of it. Our mails are long delayed and the papers many weeks behind. A very special Providence has thus far protected us. God has been very, very good to us.

What the future has in store for us we do not know. The Nationalist movement seems destined to be all-embracing. Nothing has been done to stem the exodus of the missionaries from the land though this must necessarily mean immense suffering to vast numbers of the populace. Would that China could realize how much has been done for her own people

by the Missionaries laboring for their welfare. It is now a question how long we shall be permitted to remain.

God must have some deep and wise purpose in all this. I suppose we cannot hope to build our Church in any way different from the way ordained from the beginning, that is, by way of persecution and hardship. One wonders why our little community here should have been so ruthlessly broken up. It was almost ideal—such a perfect spirit of charity, cheerfulness and zeal reigned throughout. It was beautiful. Though the hearts of all were heavy at the prospect of separation, yet all gladly bowed to the will of God, as made manifest through the wish of our Superior. We parted, persuaded that they who sow in tears must reap in joy. Pray much for us that we may have the fortitude to face the future fearlessly.

MARCH 11TH, 1927

[TO THE FATHER PROVINCIAL]

THIS PLACE was quiet until about a week ago when war

broke out between two factions of the Army. The shooting is going on day and night. This morning a bullet passed three feet in front of me and lodged in the wall on the mission grounds. A miss is as good as a mile, is the old saying. God protected me and I am grateful to Him for His continued protection of me ever since I came to China.

Very few letters come here from the States. But we cannot expect the best of service during such troubled times. Both Father—— and I are well and we still have grand hopes for the future. May this storm soon blow over.

MARCH 21ST, 1927

[TO MOTHER ALEXANDRINE,
CONVENT STATION, N. J.]

Just a few lines to say that we arrived here yesterday after an exciting trip through the rapids and through the bandit-infested regions. We are all well and can never thank our Lord enough for His care of us during the journey. . . .

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Six boats were lost in the rapids. I don't know how many persons were drowned. It took us eleven days to make the trip and once, while shooting the rapids, two boats crashed into ours. We thought our last hour had come, but again God protected us.

The sampan on which we travelled was very small. Our quarters were twelve feet long and six feet wide. We slept on the floor. In the morning we rolled up our quilts and later said Mass as usual. We managed to have two Masses every day. The priest in saying Mass could not raise his head or straighten his back as the sampan was only five and a half feet high. Thanks be to God, the weather was cold or we would have died on the way.

We came from — by the tug-and-tow method. During the last fifteen hours we were in the grip of a frightful storm. We were all very sea-sick. When we arrived at — we were met by Fathers — and — and taken to a place where liv-

ing quarters had been arranged for us. . .

We are to remain here for a few days until a more suitable place is found. I cannot write about conditions here. We were heartbroken on leaving —.

We had to change sampans six times. While crossing — we had to sit up all night in a small row-boat. We did not have room enough to stretch our legs. I think I have seen China at its worst. But, God be praised, we are all well and anxious to return to our Missions as soon as possible.

MARCH 26TH, 1927

[TO FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA
SOMEWHERE IN CHINA]

ANOTHER page today to give you the news such as we have it aboard our steamer. We have nearly 300 adults and about 80 children aboard, all citizens of the U. S. A. At — we are to take on 150 more but I don't know where the Captain will 'bunk' them.

In — conditions are most critical. All foreigners have been ordered to leave. The first boat chartered by the U. S. Consul to care for Uncle Sam's subjects was the —. I do not know whether this letter will reach you or the censor's wastebasket. On Tuesday two newspapers, one American and one British, were stopped by orders. The next day the banks were closed; the following day water and light were denied us and a general strike had been called for the day on which we departed. Feeling was so tense when we left there that one really dreaded stepping from the house.

On Thursday, March 24th, the U. S. Marines took us aboard. You should have seen those 'boys' handle the situation. How I wished they would be allowed to handle the entire situation for just two or three weeks. We had no trouble with our baggage. . . We Fathers have no berths—just unroll our bedding out on deck and 'take the air.' Three or four of us have first-



AT THE GATEWAY OF AN INLAND CITY. NOTE RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS OVER GATEWAY

THE † SIGN



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ORPHANAGE IS INITIATED

FIRST DEGREE: DIRTY AND NAKED—SECOND DEGREE: SOAP AND WATER—THIRD DEGREE: HIS FIRST TROUSERS

class colds but otherwise all are O. K.

Friday night we reached —. In this port we saw Uncle Sam's boat No. 342 —. Heavy plates of steel have been put on our boat, as news was received last evening that we would be fired upon. The Captain has wired for a convoy ship to take us through the war zone. A wireless was received saying that American and British Consuls had been seriously wounded, the Japanese Consul killed and a hundred Americans reported missing. The foreign gun-boats bombarded the city last Thursday, so report had it. Naturally we are a bit uneasy about what the morrow will bring for us refugees.

MARCH 27TH, 1927

WE ARRIVED at — last night at nine o'clock after a peaceful and quiet eighteen hours run. Nothing of importance occurred. This morning we had Mass. The Captain graciously permitted us to use the bridge for offering the Holy Sacrifice.

At — several thousand eggs were taken aboard, so we

feel certain of making a cackling entrance into —. At — we learned the rather disconcerting news about the Nanking affair. All foreign residences are reported to have been looted and burned. What the foreign-gunboats did in return we do not know. Perhaps nothing further will develop in this area now that all foreigners have been ejected. It may also be for this reason that our steamer is proceeding without a convoy ship. Nevertheless, our fears remain. The Captain has instructed us what to do and where to 'duck' in case the ship is fired on this morning. Armor plate looks good to me under these circumstances.

We have no definite word what the U. S. will do with us once we arrive in —. I tried to send a telegram from — to Father —, but the office refused to accept it. "Wires still down," I was told. I have been most anxious to get into communication with Father —, as he is no doubt anxiously awaiting some word about us. The majority of the refugees aboard are contemplating a trip to the U. S. I have spoken with a few who intend to stop in

Japan for a few months—adopt a waiting policy, as it were, and see if this whole China mix-up will blow over. Others are booked for Manila. Somehow I fear we shall not be asked where we want to go, but will have to go where we are sent. These are nigh-onto war days and it is merely a question of taking orders. Before setting out from — we were told that Japan would be our first stop should — be closed to us.

Today we pulled into — at 2 A. M. We used our field glasses, believe me, long before we got there and we were not exactly looking at the sky-line, either. The first and only question in every mouth was: "How many gun-boats are in the harbor?" Quite an array, to be sure: four Japanese, two British and one American. Yes, there was a Russian boat—sunk. Only the big red funnel and two masts were visible. Mrs. Borodin and her three Russian advisers had been taken captive on this boat. The ammunition was then seized and the ship scuttled.

No sooner had our boat dropped anchor than a number of persons came aboard. From

THE † SIGN

them we learned the details of the Nanking affair. . . nearly half a million men passed through this section within a brief two weeks. No doubt the whole world knows what went on.

We are travelling today with a convoy ship—the British destroyer D-98. It leads the line in which we hold third place. Before retiring last night the Captain repeated his warning that perhaps we would be fired upon before morning. At ten past six this morning we were aroused from sleep. "Get up! Dress! Danger ahead!" You should have seen the speed we 'deck-sleepers' made. Approaching —, the destroyer rushed ahead and nosed into this city's port. There it stood guard, silently, mightily and menacingly, until our two refugee-laden ships came alongside. In the harbor lay the U. S. Gunboat No. 220, one Japanese boat No. 18, and the British boat D-66. No fear while these boats were close at hand. But on leaving the city we came to the narrows heavily fortified. The Captain ordered us under shelter behind the

armor plates. Those sitting at tables left their breakfast unfinished. Half an hour later we appeared on deck, again thankful that the big guns on the hill didn't cough at us.

There remains one more place where we must get behind the steel again. This is about eighteen miles from our port of destination. But that is tomorrow's worry, not today's. We have learned to take the care and concern of each day as it comes. All are well and in fine spirits. We have reasonable hopes of reaching and landing at —. We are due there at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning.

MARCH 15TH, 1927

[TO FATHER CUTHBERT]

I know that you will be expecting a few lines telling you how we made the trip from — to —. I am beginning this letter aboard our sampan so that it will be ready to mail back to you as soon as we arrive at —.

No sooner had you bade us good-bye than we realized most fully that the journey was indeed

'before us.' All its dangers, uncertainties and what-nots—well, these we were unwilling to allow a place in our thoughts. God would see us through in His own time and way.

The military escort appeared on the scene at about 10 o'clock in the morning and at once there was a mad rush and scramble among the boatmen. Each one wanted to be the first to get his boat and cargo down the river. Our boatman, however, showed some prudence. He waited until most of the boats had gotten under way and only then cut loose.

Never before did I realize what a trip down river meant. Those river rapids just below — rocked our little craft and we took a few buckets of foaming water. The — were out on deck and seemed to enjoy the dip and splash. But just the same I overheard a few impromptu aspirations invoking the powerful God in heaven to "see us through safely." Sad to say the "Old Boy" received his share of tribute also. Our Captain is a fervent believer in the River Gods. Joss sticks were lighted,



THE WATER BUFFALO IS USED IN GRINDING CORN AND WHEAT

THE † SIGN



FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P., WITH THE PUPILS OF HIS MISSION SCHOOL AT PAOTSIING

firecrackers shot off, paper money was burned and some cast into the seething waters.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we reached ——. Our first day of travel was over. A few remarks were made that took us all back to ——. That evening at table—yes, we had one large enough for a plate or two—the professor, or as we call her, the *Hsien Sen*, began to spin the cups in their saucers as she wanted to 'tell our fortunes.' It was most amusing, to say the least. She would read the destinies of our trip, etc. She gave us much information in the fact that she discovered that the innocent tea leaves told her that we were on a journey. Mind you, she did not say about to take a journey and had made a journey. But she convinced us there on board the boat on which we were actually travelling that we were making a journey! We enjoyed this as a good joke.

Before retiring that night we made arrangements for Mass early the next morning. Everything went off nicely. At 6:15 A. M. the convoy was on its

way. What a beautiful sunrise! The day promised well. By ten o'clock the sky clouded. This day of travel offered us a few thrills—six boats wrecked themselves on the dangerous rocks while shooting the rapids. One of the boats carried a cargo of firewood. There was a wild scream and a dash and then the other boats were busy picking up the sticks of drifting firewood. One man, I was told, lost his life.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we reached a place where we remained for the night. I had hoped that we would continue our journey but I soon learned that the reason for our stopping at this point was that there were bandits ahead. They are bad enough in daylight. It is foolish to run into them unnecessarily at night. Two men were sent ahead to parley with the bandits. We could only hope that they could strike some agreement with the bandits so that we could go through unmolested. Before retiring for the night, I asked the Captain whether we would travel on the morrow. "Yes," he said, "after we have taken

breakfast." This bit of information gave us an extra hour of sleep. The next morning we had Mass as usual. A steady rain set in about 5 o'clock and I began to fear that we would be held up for another day. Welcome, indeed, was the raspy bugle-call to the soldiers, for it meant we *would* go. Half the number of the soldiers came onto the boats and the other half put on their straw sandals and we were off at 8:30. At 10 o'clock all the boats pulled ashore at ——. I did not know the wherefore of this sudden stop, but it is sometimes wiser not to ask too many questions here in China. An hour passed and then the boats pulled off again. In spite of the rain, which, as you must know, does not add to the questionable comforts of sampan travel, we were all in fine spirits.

Saturday, March 12th, was a most unpromising day for our little party. Rain, and word to the effect that we would not proceed down the river for another twenty-four hours, did not help to make us happier. We kept smiling just the same and actu-

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ally had reason to laugh by 11:30. Thank God, the bandits had stepped back into the hills so as to let the convoy go by; most obligingly, I thought. But "money talks" as the saying goes. Our boats pushed out bravely. What difference does it make whether the rain falls or the sun shines. The boatman's son sported Father's slicker and so long as he was keeping dry why should he worry? The other oarsmen took their rain bath as a matter of course—just part of the thrills of a river trip.

Sunday, March 13th, was another day of rain. A heavy down-pour awakened me at 3:30 A. M., and away went my hopes of reaching ——— that day. I do not think anyone has ever made plans here in the Orient but that he was obliged by unforeseen circumstances to alter, modify or change them completely before the business was seen to its finish.

Just the same I was delighted to see our boats push off at seven

o'clock sharp. Rain is part and parcel of this trip. I am afraid there will be no pictures possible. Fathers ——— and ——— came over to this boat last evening and we had a little get-together. We sang some songs and in a word, enjoyed the evening, in spite of adverse circumstances.

At 12:30 noon next day our boats reached another town. Rumors by the score are flying about. The soldiers are going ashore. We just received the news that the convoy will not proceed until the upcoming convoy arrives here. We may be compelled to wait here for days. This is certainly a crushing blow. However, we have not yet given up hopes of continuing our journey. We hope to find some way. But if we must wait I shall send ——— on ahead to engage passage for us on the steamer leaving ———. As a last resource I can send him down to ——— to inquire about conditions of travel below this town. Should he report favorably, it may be possible to per-

suade our boatman to leave the convoy and push on alone.

Monday, March 14th. The ——— refused permission for us to leave the convoy, so I despatched ——— at once. We were told that all the boats would proceed the following day. There was nothing left for us to do but wait. This morning at six o'clock we left ——— and arrived at our next stop by ten o'clock. The officials learned that a cargo of opium was being taken down river so they held up the convoy for inspection. This meant a few days' delay unless we could get our boats "passed" The officials were formally interviewed and at length graciously condescended to give our boats the once over and at once. By eleven o'clock they had the word "examined" on the boats and we were off. The boatman tells me that we can yet make ——— today. It will be dark by the time we arrive, but how thankful to God we are for the protection He has granted us thus far!



A MILITARY BRIDGE FORMED LARGELY OF SAMPANS

THE † SIGN

FEBRUARY 3RD, 1927

[TO MOTHER ALEXANDRINE]

By the time this note reaches you, I am sure you will have heard much about our little trials in China. Today we have finished packing our few remaining articles of clothing.

Our dear little home, the convent, is now empty; nothing remaining only bare walls. We expect to start down river in a few days.

Things are going from bad to worse. Bolshevism, or rather demonism, is firmly grounded here in Senchow, and it is making it very uncomfortable for everybody. We expect to leave here in a day or so and go to Hankow. If we are not permitted to land there we are to go to Shanghai, and if it is not safe there, we may go to Manila.

Mother dear, please do not worry about us. The good God, Who has taken such care of us in the past, will not fail us now. Fathers William Westhoven, Jordan Black, Myles McCarthy, Cormac Shanahan and Caspar Conley are going with us. Much that I would like to tell you of all that has happened and what is to happen I must defer to another time, as there is a possibility of censorship of the mails.

Our dear little ones are heartbroken and all the Christians are

likewise. They are here from early morn until late at night. They have given us food enough for several weeks. We wept many a tear with them during the past four days, since Father told us to get ready. The orphans are not to be disbanded until things get beyond endurance. Fathers Cuthbert O'Gara and Paul Ubinger are to remain here. The Monsignor is still up at Yuanchow. The hard end of the trouble has not reached there yet, but it surely is on its way there. All the Protestants are leaving with us. We expect to have a guard of ten thousand soldiers. It may finally dwindle down to one thousand. Can you picture us again facing our old friends, the bandits?

The Sisters are taking it all very bravely. Thank God, they are in excellent health. If I thought you would not worry, all would be well. As soon as I get anywhere near civilization I shall cable you immediately. There is absolutely no way of sending a cable from here.

Gemma's League

AN ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves.
THE METHOD: The offering of our

prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: Many charitably disposed persons interested in the salvation of the souls of others.

OBLIGATION: No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

THE REWARDS: God's blessings on ourselves and others. The reward of an Apostle who performs the spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion. She had a burning zeal for the salvation of all for whom Christ suffered and died. Her cause has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said	11
Masses Heard	33,139
Holy Communions	21,304
Visits to E. Sacrament	53,988
Spiritual Communions	103,925
Benediction Services	10,926
Sacrifices, Sufferings	235,927
Stations of the Cross	17,027
Visits to the Crucifix	57,354
Beads of the Five Wounds	312,831
Offerings of PP. Blood	469,076
Visits to Our Lady	27,375
Rosaries	62,263
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,637
Ejaculatory Prayers	5,296,986
Hours of Study, reading	43,511
Hours of Labor	74,492
Acts of Kindness, Charity	96,424
Acts of Zeal	90,413
Prayers, Devotions	724,554
Hours of Silence	29,268
Various Works	168,625
Holy Hours	537
Hymns	12,000

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. FATHER SULLIVAN
MARGARET FALLON
LESSIE V. OSBORNE
HELEN KNIGHT
CATHERINE CORCORAN

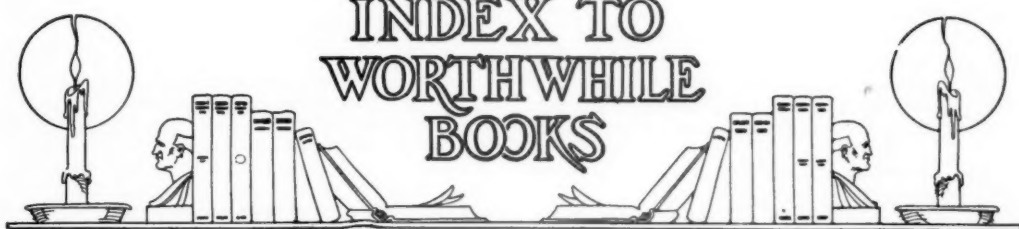
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JOHN CAHILL
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MARY A. ROCHE
MARGARET KILBANE
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ANDREW KERIN
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DANIEL M'GLYNN
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HARRY DOYLE SMITH
MRS. MARIE M'GEE
PATRICK O'DONNELL
CATHERINE K. CORBETT
MRS. JULIA HASTINGS

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE HIGHWAY OF THE CROSS. By Rev. Placid Wareing, C.P. M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin. Price: \$1.00.

These chapters on The Highway of the Cross first appeared in the pages of *THE SIGN*. In fact, there is one in this issue. This book is neither a history, nor a critical or devotional commentary, nor a series of meditations. The writer's purpose, as the Editor says, is to present the successive scenes of the Passion in vivid, clear-cut outline against their historic background without getting in the way of the reader with gratuitous reflection or comment. His process is objective. He makes each scene a picture and allows it to make its own appeal. He suggests matter for meditation on this holiest and most touching of mysteries rather than make his own meditation aloud in the hearing of the reader. The pictures of the Way of the Cross on the walls of our churches speak their message, simply and directly to the hearts of the faithful and awake in them many and deep an echo of love of Jesus Crucified. There seems no reason why these pen pictures of Father Wareing, duly pondered in the silent sanctuary of the heart, should not excite a similar response.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS REACTIONS WITH SCIENCE. By Bertram C. A. Windle. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.00.

The so-called conflict between the Catholic Church and physical science is the bugaboo of the would-be scientist and the stock in trade of the dyed-in-wool bigot. Even in these enlightened days the mythical conflict of the true Faith and true Science is spoken of by many with amazing assurance. Of all errors this is one of the most common.

How explain the universal acceptance of this myth? How did it get about? "Repeat anything often and forcibly enough," says Mr. Windle, "and many, even most, people will believe it, though it is untrue and even absurd." More than this, any attempt on the part of any ecclesiastic to combat this strange legend is regarded as an impertinence and laid to religious bigotry. So deep-rooted is this error that it never seems to have occurred to its advocates that it can be easily refuted.

This book of Sir Bertram Windle, the second of the Calvert Series, does not attempt to refute every

argument ever adduced or every apparent fact offered to prove this conflict between Faith and Science, but he attacks the very idea of a conflict. His intention in writing *THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS RELATIONS WITH SCIENCE*, is to clean up the dark corners, neither trying to explain the findings of science nor justifying the dogmas of Catholicity. The cleaning-up process is well done.

The first chapter on the desirability of accuracy is splendid. Of all the mistakes of a scientist the lack of accuracy is the least pardonable. Not only should references be verified, but, what is more desirable, is that facts be verified. How often do apparent contradictions disappear when terms are fully understood and accurately used. This lack of accuracy is the darkest corner in the dispute.

There are other dark corners that our author airs and enlightens, for instance, chapters IX. and XI. on certain mistaken ideas as to the attitude of the Church towards astrology and astronomy, towards the creation of the world, towards biology and anthropology and, especially, towards the scientific data found in the Scriptures.

Taking a new tack, Sir Bertram shows that there are other things than science. Scientists themselves admit this. There are things that science cannot touch. Science has an important niche in the universe, but there are other niches as well. Science can neither tell anything about the other niches nor, above all, how any of these niches came to be, nor even how she comes to occupy one of them. Again there are some remarkable occurrences that science cannot explain, for instance, the wonderful happenings at Lourdes. Scientists again and again have admitted that these are inexplicable. But if they cannot be explained what shall we do with them?

We know of no volume in English like the one before us and bespeak a wide reading for it.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS APPEAL TO REASON. By Leo Ward. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.00.

"The Nature of the appeal to reason that Catholic Christianity makes, is based upon the belief that the Divine Reason itself has been revealed to men in an historic Person and in a visible society established by Him. The Catholic Church teaches, first, that the Person of Christ is the person of the eternal Word or the Mind of God, the Son equal to the

THE † SIGN

Father, through Whom all things were made and without Whom nothing was made. And, secondly, that He Who was truly God and equal to the Father took the form of a servant . . . humbled Himself . . . [and] become obedient unto death in order to show men the true purpose of life on earth and teach them all the truths necessary for its realization."

"This divine life and teaching are perpetuated on earth by a society of men which St. Paul identifies with Christ Himself as the "body" of which He is the "head." This body of men has a divine mission (1) to teach *all* nations, (2) teaching them *all* that Christ has commanded, and (3) exercising His authority in *all* ages."

The above quotation from *THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS APPEAL TO REASON* is, we might say, the heart of the book. From this, as a fundamental, Mr. Ward proceeds to show the very reasonableness of the faith taught by a Church that has sprung from the mind of God and established on earth by His Divine Son.

It is not an elaborate treatise; rather it is a suggestion of certain lines along which a non-Catholic student may profitably travel in order to gain a general view of the age-long controversy which has been waged against the Catholic Church. "The history of the Church," says Paschal, "should rightly be called the history of Truth." "And the whole history of the Church," says our author, "has been a resistance to those who would divide Christ."

It is hoped that this little volume of scarcely a hundred pages will meet the eyes of some searching for the truth, for we feel certain that its rigid logic and clear elucidation can not but impress the open mind of the sincere truth-seeker.

AS MAN TO MAN. The Adventures of a Commuter. By Condé B. Pallen. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$2.50.

The title of this book is suggestive, of the easy-going, whimsical essays that it contains. To preach from the pulpit or to talk from the platform or to teach from the professor's chair invariably lends a staidness or stiffness to any discourse. Thus, too, the professional treatise on religion scares many a timid soul from its perusal. But to talk as man to man; to answer the objection against our religion of the man sitting, perhaps uncomfortably, near us in the restricted space of a seat in the day coach is something else again. In *THE ADVENTURES OF A COMMUTER*, the associate editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia explains the truth of the Faith in such a simple way that he who rides in a crowded Long Island local can read and understand.

How often is the Catholic approached by an interested non-Catholic and asked questions about Catholic teaching? Why the ashes on your forehead this Wednesday morning?—is not an uncommon question put to the Catholic on the first day of the Lenten season. What do you mean by the Virgin Birth? Why don't priests marry? (This last question is very common indeed.) Why do you call water 'holy'? These and a thousand other queries are on the lips of many well-disposed non-Catholics every day in the year. And any train is a likely place to put them to any Catholic who is known as such. In this book of Dr. Pallen, these and many other questions concerning Catholicism are answered in a way that will disarm the most bigoted and instruct those with the good-will to learn. His book is a diary of many questions and of sound, and at times amusing, answers. Long life to it!

A good thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Please send me a Dime Bank—Mite Box.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Please write or print name
and address very plain

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Heb. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Continued from the May Issue.)

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OHIO: Akron, L. D. \$6; T. K. \$1; Amherst, C. G. A. \$5; A. G. M. \$5; Ashtabula, H. M. \$2; H. M. \$2.25; H. M. \$1.25; Athens, A. C. K. \$3; Batavia, W. K. \$1; W. K. \$1; Bedford, N. M. H. \$1; Bellaire, P. R. \$5; Bellefontaine, C. H. \$2; Berea, J. G. \$5; Canton, R. C. K. \$100; A. J. P. \$2; L. M. \$1; E. A. M. \$5; Carthage, S. M. S. \$1; Celina, S. S. M. R. \$1; P. E. K. \$3; Cheviot, A. D. \$5; H. R. \$1.75; Chillicothe, A. F. S. \$2; Cincinnati, A. I. R. \$10; J. E. B. \$2; V. W. \$2; M. F. \$1; A. H. \$2; W. D. \$2; F. C. F. D. \$3; F. C. D. \$1; A. W. \$5; R. A. H. \$1; M. C. C. W. \$3; K. C. \$1; J. J. K. \$1; E. J. \$3; D. H. \$1; C. C. \$5; A. H. H. \$1; J. R. \$50; E. K. \$1; G. E. \$1; W. H. A. \$100; C. M. R. \$1; M. H. \$5; S. E. R. \$2; A. R. \$5; F. B. \$1; M. B. \$1.04; C. F. \$2; J. J. G. \$1; A. McC. \$1; C. R. \$2; E. A. G. \$5; P. V. \$1; A. J. \$1; R. M. \$2; S. W. \$5; D. H. \$2; R. J. S. \$5; B. M. \$4; H. M. \$5; F. G. \$5; M. W. \$2; B. \$1; M. V. \$6; F. G. \$5; Anon. \$1; E. S. \$5; A. H. B. \$5; H. S. \$3; B. B. \$1; G. F. \$2; M. H. \$1; J. E. K. \$2.50; R. E. M. \$3; K. O. \$3; J. J. S. \$5; J. L. \$1; M. C. \$10; M. B. \$2; Anon. \$1; J. J. M. \$1; W. G. \$1; S. T. \$5; M. H. \$5; M. S. \$1.20; F. M. M. \$2; M. K. \$5; J. M. \$3; J. S. \$2; H. G. H. \$5; K. W. \$2; M. F. \$5; J. & C. G. \$1; M. M. D. \$4.60; F. M. \$1; M. L. \$4.40; E. K. \$3; J. K. \$1; Anon. \$1; N. M. \$5; A. B. \$5; S. B. \$5; J. T. \$3; K. W. \$4.25; M. D. \$4; M. A. S. \$2; N. B. \$1; M. C. \$2; S. K. \$1; J. T. D. \$5; F. D. \$10; C. H. \$1; E. G. \$5; C. F. \$1; C. D. \$2; J. D. B. \$2; K. W. \$5; P. V. \$1; J. P. \$1; J. M. \$1; C. M. \$1; P. V. \$1; H. U. \$1; A. C. \$1; F. A. T. \$3; A. O'K. \$12.50; K. R. \$1; G. O. \$2; E. J. \$2; C. F. S. \$5; J. F. \$1; S. S. \$1; J. V. \$1; M. F. Q. \$2; F. C. \$25; R. S. \$5; P. M. \$2; E. S. \$1; L. S. \$2; J. C. \$1; G. A. N. \$5; C. K. \$1; A. B. C. \$1; R. M. \$1; C. F. S. \$5; L. G. \$1; E. W. \$1; M. W. \$10; M. A. S. \$39; F. E. S. \$2; M. S. \$2; A. L. R. \$2; B. R. \$1; M. McC. \$1; K. A. K. \$1; A. B. \$2; A. \$3; B. J. G. \$2; K. F. \$1; D. A. L. R. \$1; A. A. S. \$1; V. J. C. \$2; G. W. D. \$5; E. C. \$3; M. F. F. \$2; J. R. \$2; M. R. \$5; A. F. \$5; Cleveland, J. P. \$1; A. K. \$1; E. F. H. \$4; M. B. \$1; J. S. \$2; F. J. B. \$3; P. C. \$1; A. E. K. \$2; M. K. \$3; K. Z. \$1; S. W. \$7; M. H. \$1; P. H. \$1; Anon. \$2; M. W. \$2; A. S. \$2; L. S. \$5; J. A. \$1; E. McK. \$5; J. A. I. \$5; J. L. S. \$5; Clinton, J. F. B. \$1; N. C. \$2; Columbus, E. M. S. \$2; N. C. \$2; E. F. \$1; M. W. \$10; M. A. N. \$1; T. M. \$1; K. J. R. \$10; S. J. R. \$2; J. H. L. \$1; M. B. \$1; S. S. T. M. \$10; T. B. M. \$10; K. J. R. \$5; H. H. H. \$2; M. S. \$2.25; Conneaut, G. P. \$2; Dayton, A. W. \$2; A. K. \$5; G. P. \$1; C. S. \$2; M. F. \$2; R. J. W. \$1; E. S. \$1; C. T. O. \$1; R. M. \$5; M. P. P. \$3; G. S. \$2; R. G. M. \$2; Delaware, J. T. M. \$1; G. R. \$1; Delphos, J. J. \$5; Elyria, J. McG. \$2; Evanston, A. S. \$2; Fairport Hbr. M. S. \$1; Fayetteville, V. J. S. \$3.75; Fort Recovery, T. H. B. \$5; B. H. \$2; Girard, M. F. D. \$1; N. L. \$1; Glendale, J. B. \$5; A. C. I. \$1; T. F. R. \$2; E. F. W. \$2; N. J. C. \$15; Hamilton, G. C. B. \$5; R. P. \$2; R. W. \$1; A. J. C. \$2; M. W. \$1; E. J. B. \$1; E. R. J. \$2; C. H. \$2; C. R. H. \$2; J. A. N. \$1; Hubbard, T. H. \$1; Ironton, S. S. S. F. \$5; Lakewood, C. S. \$5; M. W. & J. A. \$6; Lancaster, H. F. S. \$5; Leetonia, T. McN. \$2; B. McN. \$5; Lilly Chapel, W. P. \$2; Lockland, A. K. \$5; H. H. M. \$2; Louisville, J. E. B. \$1; M. M. \$10; Madisonville, E. F. \$1; Marion, H. M. D. \$1; E. S. \$5; J. A. S. \$10; Massillon, N. K. \$3; Maximo, F. G. \$1; E. G. \$1; Medina, A. K. \$1; Milford, R. McC. \$1; M. B. \$1; Norwood, M. S. \$1; L. B. & M. D. \$8.50; P. & C. H. \$3; M. P. S. \$2; L. H. \$2; C. P. \$5; R. E. N. \$2; A. S. \$1; J. W. F. \$1; A. I. F. \$1; P. J. S. \$50; J. B. \$1; J. J. O'M. \$1; A. R. \$2; J. M. K. \$2; G. J. S. \$2; W. H. \$1; F. McG. \$2; J. E. M. \$2; B. K. \$25; C. A. McC. \$1; C. S. \$5; J. M. K. \$3; Oak Hill, E. R. \$1; Olmsted Falls, J. G. & D. \$2; Painesville, A. B. \$1; C. E. L. \$1; K. & C. C. \$1; Portsmouth, M. R. B. \$1; Piqua, B. M. U. \$10; Salineville, M. S. \$50; Sharonville, L. M. S. \$1; Sebring, C. B. \$2; Struthers, G. J. \$1; Toledo, F. J. E. \$1; P. J. S. \$1; C. F. R. \$1; W. C. \$1; Valley City, L. A. \$1; Venice, S. J. F. \$1; J. F. \$5; Wapakoneta, H. W. H. \$2; Warwick A. S. \$5; Wellsville, S. S. L. \$1; M. P. \$3; Wooster, P. C. \$1; H. H. \$2; G. B. \$2; Youngstown, E. A. R. \$1.

OKLA.: Kremlin, F. H. \$2; Muskogee, F. J. S. \$1; Tulsa, E. J. M. \$2; L. W. F. \$2.

ORE.: Albany, S. M. A. \$1; Gervais, H. A. O. \$5; Mt. Angel, N. M. L. \$1; Portland, S. M. F. \$1; N. A. \$2; Salem, K. J. E. \$5.

PENN.: Adah, C. J. M. \$1; C. J. M. \$5; Allentown, S. S. M. S. \$2; Allison Park, G. J. M. \$5; A. C. G. \$5; R. H. \$1; Altoona, A. A. A. \$5; C. R. \$1; L. A. \$1; M. C. \$1; J. C. I. & P. \$1; W. W. \$20; C. W. \$3; F. D. A. \$1; P. G. \$10; C. G. \$5; A. I. \$1; Archbald, J. T. D. \$2; A. C. \$5; W. A. R. \$1; M. E. P. \$1; J. R. \$1; Ashley, M. A. D. \$1; L. C. G. \$1; H. S. \$1; D. G. \$1; M. M. S. \$5; A. G. \$1; J. W. \$1; P. J. L. \$2; E. L. R. \$1; Aspinwall, R. B. \$1; A. M. G. \$1; E. W. \$1; M. K. \$4; Athens, D. E. H. \$2; Atlas, G. P. \$1; Avalon, M. M. S. \$2; Avoca, M. C. \$2; L. McH. \$2; B. C. \$30; M. J. McG. \$1; E. M. \$1; M. J. McG. \$2; Baden, S. J. \$25; Beaver Falls, M. A. H. \$2; Bellefonte, O. A. M. \$1; J. M. C. \$1; J. A. N. \$3; Bellevue, M. R. \$5; Berwick, D. P. R. \$5; Black Lick, A. T. \$1; Braddock, M. C. L. \$2; C. M. C. \$5; A. O'M. \$2; E. D. \$1; A. J. D. \$1; J. H. R. \$2; B. D. \$1; M. E. \$3; C. W. \$1; J. G. \$1; M. E. E. \$2; A. G. D. \$1; J. S. \$5; M. D. \$1; Bridesburg, E. A. B. \$6; Bristol, J. T. \$10.61; C. T. \$1; M. McG. \$1; E. C. T. \$5; A. T. \$2; M. T. \$2; E. F. B. \$5; M. A. S. \$5; J. T. \$1; M. V. C. \$3; Brownsville, A. H. \$2; Bustleton, A. N. \$1; Butler, P. K. \$1; S. M. \$2; Bywood, J. L. \$2; E. K. \$2; J. L. \$5; Canonsburg, D. G. J. \$1; Carbondale, F. W. \$1; J. J. B. \$1; C. B. \$1; M. L. \$2; J. J. Q. \$1; E. H. \$1; L. W. \$2; J. M. M.

\$; W. C. \$1; C. D. \$2; M. C. \$2; E. McD. \$2; W. R. \$10; R. Q. \$1; E. S. \$2; J. K. \$5; M. McD. \$1; D. J. C. \$1; A. M. \$2; J. R. \$2; M. G. \$1; D. A. K. \$1; T. W. \$2; A. F. \$3; G. F. C. \$1; E. M. P. \$5; S. M. G. \$2; Carnegie, K. C. \$1; E. P. G. \$1; M. A. O'S. \$2; C. B. 75c; J. M. \$1; K. K. \$1; J. McC. \$1; J. A. P. \$1; Carrick, A. M. S. \$10; C. G. V. \$1; G. S. \$1; F. B. \$1; K. L. \$5; J. A. P. \$1; A. M. S. \$1; A. P. N. \$2; E. J. G. \$2; Castle Shannon, S. D. P. \$1; Cheltenham, A. C. K. \$1; M. F. S. \$1; J. B. \$4; J. L. B. \$10; Clearfield, J. B. \$1; Columbia, H. G. \$2; H. G. \$5; Corry, V. J. R. \$20; Crafson, B. M. D. \$1; A. E. \$5; H. F. B. \$1; B. M. D. \$1; G. H. D. \$2; H. F. B. \$1; B. F. \$1; Cresson, J. E. H. \$2; DeLancy, J. M. \$3; C. O. M. \$2; Dickson City, F. G. \$3; C. V. \$1; Dormont, G. M. S. \$2.50; W. C. H. \$2; C. E. F. \$1; Du Bois, W. W. F. \$1; J. S. S. \$1; Dunlo, J. H. S. \$2; S. R. \$2; T. O. R. \$1; H. Q. \$1; Dunmore, T. F. \$5; A. B. \$10; S. McD. \$1; A. T. \$5; P. F. K. \$5; M. T. G. \$5; A. R. \$1; J. J. W. \$1; M. A. M. \$1; M. G. \$5; N. A. O'H. \$10; J. A. R. \$5; Duryea, J. M. H. \$1; Dysart, C. C. \$5; T. H. B. \$2; East Millsboro, P. S. S. \$1; East Pittsburgh, \$2; M. J. M. \$1; W. C. M. \$2; Elensburg, H. A. E. \$5; H. L. \$2; P. J. L. \$1; Ellwood City, F. H. \$8; Erie, F. C. C. \$7; H. S. \$2; A. E. L. \$2; R. J. N. \$1; A. A. \$1; F. E. H. \$1; J. J. W. \$2; P. J. M. \$1; J. P. \$1; A. R. \$1; K. D. \$1; R. A. W. \$1; J. H. \$1; T. R. \$3; J. E. D. \$1; C. H. \$1; W. J. K. \$1; M. S. \$2; A. L. C. \$2; Farrell, G. D. \$1; Ford City, M. B. \$1; Forty Fort, R. C. W. \$2; Franklin, T. M. \$2; Freeland, K. R. \$1; Friedens, J. L. \$3; Friedens, M. G. \$1.15; Genesee, A. McG. \$3; Gettysburg, M. R. \$2; Girardville, F. G. \$2; Glassport, J. Z. \$2; R. H. G. \$60; Glen Riddle, M. M. N. \$1; Glenshaw, S. S. D. P. \$5; J. S. \$1; S. D. P. \$5; J. P. \$1; O. A. \$1; Greensburg, A. I. \$5; R. McC. \$1; G. S. \$3; M. R. \$2; W. A. B. \$1; A. B. K. \$5; B. M. L. \$5; R. E. J. \$10; J. P. D. \$50; M. F. \$5; S. T. R. \$1; P. J. B. \$10; V. M. \$1; A. B. K. \$5; Greensboro, J. J. C. \$3; Harrisburg, G. E. W. \$5; Hawley, M. & M. A. C. \$10; W. V. McC. \$2; J. S. O'G. \$1; Hollidaysburg, S. N. D. \$4; Hays, H. L. \$2; Homestead, E. B. \$3; J. C. \$5; West Homestead, J. D. \$2; Honesdale, W. H. S. \$3; R. McC. \$25; T. F. McG. \$1; J. B. \$2; L. B. \$1; E. B. \$1; M. W. \$1; A. B. \$1; Indiana, G. G. \$1; C. T. V. \$5; M. V. \$5; J. V. \$2; H. V. \$2; C. V. \$2; R. J. W. \$1; Ingram, C. F. \$1; A. W. \$5; W. P. McG. \$1; Irwin, T. K. \$1; Jeannette, M. J. H. \$5; R. T. \$3; J. J. \$1; M. B. \$1; S. K. \$3; S. K. \$5; M. M. \$5; F. T. \$5; F. R. \$5; J. A. McK. \$1; M. M. \$5; Jenkintown, M. F. \$1; Jersey Shore, T. H. \$3; Jessup, J. P. C. \$1; P. R. \$1; T. L. \$2; J. K. \$8; Johnstown, G. E. W. \$5; S. M. L. \$7; Kane, L. W. D. \$1; Kingston, J. K. \$5; A. M. S. \$3.50; G. M. \$1; A. H. \$2; Kittanning, M. K. \$1; M. G. \$1; M. H. \$1; H. B. H. \$2; Kulpmont, S. S. J. \$2.50; Lansdale, E. M. T. \$1; Lansdowne, B. C. \$5; Lebanon, C. H. \$10; Lock Haven, M. H. B. \$1; J. T. C. \$10; M. H. \$2; J. A. R. \$1; A. D. \$5; M. A. M. \$1; E. C. \$1; McKeesport, W. G. \$1; S. M. A. \$5; A. W. \$1; M. J. G. \$1; S. S. D. P. \$1; A. R. D. \$2; W. J. W. \$1; A. R. M. \$1; M. McG. \$1; A. F. \$5; McKees Rocks, M. B. \$3; J. E. K. \$10; F. M. \$2; G. F. \$1; M. S. \$1; G. G. \$2; K. M. \$1; Anon. \$2; N. B. \$1; A. J. W. \$1; Midland, F. M. \$2; C. R. D. \$2; Millvale, J. K. \$1; E. O'R. \$5; J. McL. \$1; Mt. Carmel, J. B. \$2; Nanticoke, M. C. L. \$1; Narbeth, E. V. W. \$1; New Castle, W. H. \$1; S. K. S. \$20; New Lebanon, M. McG. \$1; Norristown, T. P. B. \$1; Northumberland, M. S. \$2; Norwood, M. E. McG. \$1; Oakland, A. D. \$1; Oil City, M. S. \$10; Olyphant, G. T. \$1; Osceola Mills, A. K. \$3; M. S. P. \$1; Paoli, E. R. K. \$2; Parkersburg, R. K. \$1; Parsons, F. McK. \$1; Perryville, A. D. \$1; Philadelphia, M. M. G. \$2; A. McG. \$1; M. O. \$1; M. F. H. \$1; J. D. \$1; R. \$2; L. L. McG. \$10; S. M. K. \$5; K. F. D. \$1; F. E. R. \$2; A. L. F. \$2; A. J. F. \$1; T. P. H. \$1; K. L. \$5; I. A. \$5; M. R. \$5; A. M. \$1; J. A. J. \$5; J. J. M. \$3; K. McC. \$20; E. M. \$5; M. S. \$1; P. R. \$1; W. G. \$1; B. M. \$3; M. McC. \$10; A. L. \$4.50; M. O. \$7; S. J. \$5; J. P. R. \$5; Anon. \$1; J. T. E. \$5; C. H. \$3; M. O'C. \$2; M. W. \$1; C. M. McC. \$5; H. A. D. \$5; J. C. D. \$1; M. W. \$5; T. B. \$5; M. C. \$1; J. D. K. \$5; J. C. V. \$1; M. F. \$10; M. C. \$1; D. P. \$1; S. B. \$10; M. C. \$1; M. G. \$3; E. G. S. \$1; F. M. \$5; P. M. \$1; E. McC. \$1; W. J. B. \$1; A. B. \$1; M. S. \$1; M. C. \$4.50; E. L. \$1; M. P. \$3; S. M. J. \$5; W. C. M. \$1; M. M. \$1; M. McC. \$2; M. S. \$5; J. O'D. \$2; C. G. \$1; W. M. \$2; F. P. W. \$5; J. T. N. \$5; J. F. \$1; W. A. S. \$2; J. E. \$1; H. C. K. \$1; M. L. R. \$2; K. McC. \$3; B. H. \$1; A. B. \$2; M. J. E. \$2; G. S. \$20; P. McD. \$1; T. P. W. \$1; M. L. S. \$1; A. E. T. \$3; F. J. D. \$2; W. W. \$1; E. M. D. \$1; E. W. \$1; M. W. \$2; E. J. S. \$1; C. W. \$2; H. C. \$1; A. M. S. \$5; E. F. \$2; E. C. \$1; E. P. O'B. \$2; F. L. \$5; S. M. J. \$5; M. M. \$5; E. A. S. \$100; H. S. \$50; A. M. \$1; M. A. L. \$5; F. \$3; W. H. \$5; T. A. H. \$1; D. \$1; M. G. \$1; E. W. \$2; N. R. \$10; M. J. D. \$2; M. D. \$1; I. B. \$1; M. V. B. \$1; J. J. M. \$1; M. H. M. \$1; R. L. \$1; A. F. \$2; E. S. \$5; M. A. C. \$2; C. S. \$1;

J. O'H. \$1; E. H. McG. \$10; E. McG. \$1; M. D. M. \$1; A. H. \$2; K. E. L. \$5; M. L. \$1; M. McG. \$1; J. J. O'N. \$2; S. S. J. \$5; E. M. \$2; B. W. \$2; K. L. R. \$2; H. G. G. \$1; M. V. S. \$2; M. M. H. \$1; F. X. \$2; F. J. L. & K. M. C. \$2; M. G. \$5; J. M. D. \$1; E. A. L. \$2; H. K. E. \$2; A. B. \$1; J. O'M. \$5; R. McB. \$1; J. E. S. \$5; N. E. S. \$10; G. L. D. \$1; K. C. \$2.50; M. M. \$2.25; S. B. \$1; M. C. M. \$5; E. N. \$5; Anon. \$1; M. & M. McH. \$2; E. C. \$5; Anon. \$1; J. D. \$2; M. F. R. \$1; M. S. \$1; A. C. W. \$5; W. H. \$5.69; M. M. R. \$1; A. M. \$4; J. M. N. \$2; E. W. \$1; M. C. MacN. \$10; M. J. McG. \$1; A. F. \$2; M. E. E. \$1; M. C. \$12; K. M. D. \$1; H. E. \$1; West Philadelphia, E. T. T. \$10; G. \$2; M. E. G. \$5; Phillipsburg, C. M. \$1; Pittsburgh, M. O'H. \$1; E. F. B. \$2; B. W. \$1; S. M. C. \$6; W. J. I. \$2; I. H. \$1; P. C. D. \$10; M. S. \$5; M. M. \$1; J. J. S. \$2; A. O. \$2; C. E. M. \$3; I. A. K. \$5; A. E. C. \$1; A. & E. M. 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S. \$1; L. P. \$10; J. S. \$3; P. A. G. \$4; G. P. \$5; W. E. \$1; F. W. \$4; J. F. B. \$1; C. H. \$3; E. M. G. \$1; A. H. \$1; S. D. \$5; E. M. \$5; C. C. S. \$2; F. A. S. \$5; P. A. W. \$2; C. S. \$1; M. J. R. \$2; H. R. \$1; F. J. F. \$2; A. R. B. \$5; M. A. B. \$5; F. W. R. \$10; P. R. \$2; W. G. \$5; H. A. \$1; G. H. \$1; F. W. B. \$2; M. J. T. \$2; M. V. T. \$1; J. F. T. \$1; M. Mel. \$1; A. A. \$5; J. K. \$5; M. A. H. \$2; J. T. R. \$5; M. G. \$2; K. R. \$1; H. C. \$1; P. H. \$2; K. G. E. \$1; J. McP. \$1; P. M. L. \$2; M. A. F. \$2; J. A. H. \$1; W. J. H. \$5; M. H. P. J. M. \$5; C. S. \$2.25; T. H. M. \$1; M. F. \$5; E. P. \$3; Anon. \$1; Anon. \$50; C. G. \$1; Anon. \$1; R. McP. \$1; W. J. R. \$12; J. C. S. \$2; J. S. \$1; A. S. \$1; T. J. B. \$2; E. H. D. \$1; T. G. B. \$2; C. B. L. \$1; A. G. \$1; A. S. \$5; S. M. A. \$5; S. M. G. \$5; J. S. \$1; M. S. \$2; T. J. K. \$1; B. Q. \$3; A. R. & T. P. \$2; R. M. B. \$1; T. L. W. \$1; F. R. J. W. \$1; J. D. \$2; R. B. F. \$5; M. L. R. \$2; B. E. \$3; T. J. G. \$2; A. G. L. \$5; C. M. D. \$2; M. K. \$2; M. M. \$5; M. E. M. \$3; R. B. \$10; H. C. S. \$2; W. J. M. \$5; C. F. D. \$5; M. McK. \$1; M. Y. \$10; R. S. \$1; D. F. \$1; J. McG. \$2; H. S. \$1; M. M. D. \$25; J. S. McG. & F. \$18; M. O. \$5; A. L. \$1; A. R. \$1; Anon. \$1; A. M. O'B. \$1; E. J. O'B. \$2; A. V. M. \$2; J. J. W. \$5; R. J. \$1; P. D. \$6; J. L. O'B. \$1; M. R. \$1; T. M. D. \$5; M. C. P. \$1; C. M. \$1; L. G. \$3; A. J. N. \$2; S. R. F. \$11; G. G. \$540; S. D. \$1; S. R. F. \$11; L. J. C. \$1; B. W. \$1; M. T. \$2; H. R. E. \$1; C. M. F. \$1; A. B. \$1; D. & E. S. \$5; M. M. \$3; J. M. M. \$1; R. D. \$1; K. Q. \$1; J. K. \$5; S.

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TEXAS: Bryan, J. B. G. \$1; Corpus Christi, J. D. \$2; Dallas, E. J. S. \$25; P. R. \$2; Devine, S. M. B. \$1; Fayetteville, L. H. 50c; N. Fort Worth, M. F. D. \$1; Gainesville, J. R. \$3; J. S. \$5; Houston, E. J. H. \$1; J. R. F. \$2; Lindsay, J. P. N. \$1; M. L. \$5; Lott, B. A. J. \$5; Menard, J. H. \$1; Muenster, F. K. \$3; B. B. \$2; J. V. \$1; S. H. S. \$15; J. W. \$5; J. P. \$10; Oenaville, O. V. \$5; Port Arthur, L. B. G. \$2; A. J. L. \$5; N. A. \$5; Ranger, M. L. \$2; San Antonio, L. B. R. J. & A. LeC. \$7; D. S. \$5; F. M. \$3.

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W. VA: Fairmont, H. B. C. \$1; Morgantown, M. G. K. \$1; Parkersburg, S. M. M. U. \$1; Wheeling, H. W. \$2; Williamson, G. F. C. \$5.

WIS: Allenton, J. H. G. \$6; Appleton, G. V. H. \$1; Barton, J. H. \$1; Belgium, S. M. S. \$2; Blue Mounds, F.

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FRANCE: Paris, S. H. \$10.

SO. AMERICA: Buenos Aires, R. F. L. H. \$82.52.

Donations received up to June 15

CIRCLES: KY., Rose Missionary Circle, \$11.25; MO., St. Theresa's Missionary Society, \$2; N. J., Monte Marte, \$16; Holy Soul's Circle, \$7; N. Y., Good Shepherd Circle, \$5; St. Gabriel Mission Unit, \$10; PA., F. P. Mission Circle, \$108.

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Unclear
Reser
Bills
Reser
Depos

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey
Summit Avenue and Seventh Street
(TRANSFER STATION)
UNION CITY, N. J.
At Close of Business, December 31st, 1926

ASSETS	
U. S. Government Bonds . . .	\$ 342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds .	261,502.48
Railroad Bonds and other Stocks and Bonds	1,214,462.76
First Mortgage on Real Estate .	2,233,958.25
Loans and Notes Purchased . .	1,233,958.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	321,094.16
Accrued Interest Receivable . .	69,864.20
Real Estate, Furniture & Fixtures	81,001.00
	<u>\$5,854,099.28</u>

LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .	248,757.95
Unearned Discount	4,539.92
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, etc.	7,893.31
Bills Payable	200,000.00
Reserved for Dividend No. 31 . .	7,500.00
Deposits	5,085,408.10
	<u>\$5,854,099.28</u>

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AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
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May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
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